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Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 204.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 30, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Manuel*

WHAT JURY COULD RESIST?

Mlle. Miropolsky, the Polish lady who has just been admitted a member of the French Bar

No. 204.—Vol. XVI.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

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"Benita." By H. Rider Haggard. (Cassell: 1*s.*)
"Harry Rountree's Annual." (Cassell: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Lisheen." By Rev. P. A. Sheeman. (Longmans: 6*s.*)
"The Collected Poems of Dora Sigerson Shorter." With Introduction by George Meredith. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"The Adventures of Count O'Connor." By Henry Stage. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)
"The Pleasures of Life." By Lord Avebury. (Macmillan: 2.)
"The Little Guest." By Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan: 4*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Convert." By Elizabeth Robins. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Purloined Prince." By E. Turner and R. Hodder. (Sisleys.)
"Old Friends with New Faces." By Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. (Longmans: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Matrimonial Market." By Mabel E. Sawny. (Simpkin, Marshall: 1*s.*)
"The Gentlest Art." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen: 5*s.*)
"Fairies I Have Met." By Mrs. Rodolph Stavell. (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Champions of the Fleet." By Edward Fraser. (Lane: 6*s.*)
"The Magic Whistle." By Frank Nesbitt. (Longmans: 2*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Square Peg." By W. E. Norris. (Constable: 6*s.*)
"Sonnets from the Portuguese." By Mrs. Browning. (Jack.)
"Rubáiyát of Omar-Khayyam." Illustrated by R. T. Rose. (Jack.)
"Poems of Wordsworth." By W. MacNeill Dixon. (Jack.)
"The Fairyland of Living Things." By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. (Cassell: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Fancy and Humour of Charles Lamb." Selected by George Sampson. (Seeley: 1*s.* 6*d.*)
"Wit and Imagination of Benjamin Disraeli." Selected by George Sampson. (Seeley: 1*s.* 6*d.*)
"Vignettes from Oliver Goldsmith." Selected by George Sampson. (Seeley: 6*s.*)
"The Garden Beautiful." By W. Robinson. (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Welsh Fairy Book." By W. Jenkyn Thomas. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"A Stroke of Luck." By Nat Gould. (Long: 1*s.*)
"The Yoke." By Hubert Wales. (Long: 6*s.*)
"Songs for Little People." By Norman Gale. (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Court of Philip IV." By Martin Hume. (Nash: 18*s.*)
"The Shadow Show." By A. St. John Adcock. (Mathews: 1*s.* 6*d.*)
"Bunkum." By Frank Richardson. (Nash: 6*s.*)
"Kent." By W. Teignmouth Shore. (Black: 20*s.*)
"The Motor Manual." (Temple Press, Ltd.: 1*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Tracks We Tread." By C. B. Lancaster. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"The Scot of the Eighteenth Century." By John Watson, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Forest Playfellow." By E. K. Sanders. (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Florence and Northern Tuscany." By Edward Hutton. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"Illustrated History of Furniture." By F. Litchfield. (Truslove and Hanson: 15*s.*)
"The Automobilist Abroad." By Francis Miltoun. (Brown, Langham: 10*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Mystery of Maria Stella, Lady Newborough." By Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey. (Arnold: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Crimson Azaleas." By H. De Vere Stacpoole. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"Granada and the Alhambra." By A. F. Calvert. (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Some Nature Biographies." By John J. Ward. (Lane: 5*s.*)
"Wild Nature." By Sir F. Carruthers Gould. (Lane: 5*s.*)
"Safety of Capital." By E. Mortimer Harley. (Mortimer Harley and Co.: 1*s.*)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday October 30, 1907

One of the consequences of the recent gales was that a pier was cut in two. Unhappily, however, for the Liberal autumn campaign, it was only a wooden one, at Grimsby.

* * *

The three Kings who are to be at Sandringham in November will make several shooting excursions. Partridges there, according to the *Daily Graphic*, are scarce, which seems like disloyalty on the part of the partridges. But it does not matter. "The coverts are well stocked," and there are sure to be lots of photographers about. The Kings should get some capital snap-shooting.

* * *

By the way, the rumour that an interview will take place in this neighbourhood between Prince Olaf of Norway and the Prince of Asturias is correct. No political significance, however, need be attached to the meeting, which will be purely of a personal character.

The Princes are, in fact, likely to meet more than once, and the only thing that worries the official mind in this connection is the question of precedence. Ought the Prince of Asturias to go out first in his pram, and get first choice of the Sandringham toys? Suppose he and Olaf both covet the same cloth elephant? If both begin to scream at the same moment, which should have priority in being carried to bed? To the ordinary man these questions seem unanswerable; but, no doubt, they will be duly solved by the tact of the Royal nurses.

* * *

If there had remained any doubt as to the complete indifference of the present Government to the interests of the democracy of this country, the Prime Minister has now removed it. He has openly professed that he knows nothing whatever about Limericks.

* * *

Mr. Cadbury's explanation of why he and the other cocoa manufacturers go on buying from the

"THE OYSTER ROYSTERERS": GUESTS AT THE FEAST AT COLCHESTER

The Marquis of Londonderry The Duke of Marlborough

"We weep for you," the gourmets said,
"We deeply sympath se":
With sobs and tears they sorted out
Those of the largest size.

The Mayor of Colchester

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Annual Oyster Feas took place at Colchester last week, at which many well-known personages were the guests of the Mayor and Corporation

Portuguese slave-islands is lucidity itself, whatever his critics may say. By bringing a steady pressure to bear upon the planters, he hopes to make them Quakers

* * *

Sixty thousand Munich beer-drinkers went on strike last week, because the brewers raised beer by a farthing per quart. This strikes us as one of the most pathetic occurrences in the history of strikes. But it seems to be over now. It is rumoured that the strikers subscribed largely in order to bring in a body of strike-breakers. The latter soon prevailed.

* * *

In view of the agitation in favour of the inspection of engine-drivers, at present so casually done, several old ladies are said to have banded together with the object of insisting upon inspecting the engine-driver personally before starting with any given train. It is believed that hitherto they have assured themselves that, at least, the driver's lungs are in good order.

The New Table Game, Bligatel

A combination of billiards and bagatelle, played on a small table with cups instead of pockets

* * *

The indignation caused by the rumour that the Giant's Causeway is to be exported piecemeal to America has by no means subsided. Ulstermen are of opinion that this gradual removal of Ireland to the States is a subtle attempt on the part of the Nationalists to repeal the Union.

* * *

Mulai Hafid, the Pretender to the Sultanate of Morocco, is said to be marrying wives in order to increase his military following. It appears that, in return for his marrying into it, a tribe will march to war for him. If this is the case, Eastern women must have more influence of a kind than is usually attributed to them, and Mulai Hafid should have no difficulty in raising an army corps in due time.

An appeal to patriotism is never without its perils, as nothing seems to divide fellow-citizens more than the question of what patriotism is. But we hope and trust that Sir Lauder Brunton's appeal for the suppression of a national enemy—made last week—will not be made a question of Party politics. It is one upon which Imperialists and Little Englanders might well come together. We refer, of course, to the appeal made by Sir Lauder against "Fleas—a National Danger."

* * *

There is no need, perhaps, to be Jingoistic on the subject. Sir Lauder himself did not suggest that the Legion of Frontiersmen should be called upon to deal with it. But a steady, persistent objection to the landing of these alien immigrants, and to their working—for starvation wages—at the expense of the British labourer, would undoubtedly end in success. In the meantime, a statue should be put up to Sir Lauder Brunton. He might be depicted in a classic attitude, popping one of the little creatures into a basin of water.

* * *

There is not much of a future for criminals, it seems. Hypnotism—according to Dr. Forbes Winslow—is to find them out, even when finger-prints fail. This is good news, if true. But might not hypnotism be a double-edged tool? Suppose the burglar hypnotised the policeman, or the jury, or even the judge, instead of being himself hypnotised? We do not, of course, know all the possibilities; but it would be a painful thing if one suddenly heard Mr. Justice Darling confessing, in court, that he had forged the cheque, while the real forger calmly made a joke which caused repeated laughter.

* * *

A New Table Game

As is suggested by its name, this new game is a combination of billiards and bagatelle, and the billiard element in it is calculated to give it an advantage over bagatelle—which, when all is said and done, is not a very inspiriting amusement. Bligatel is, in reality, billiards on a small table, with cups substituted for pockets at its corners for the winning and losing hazards. An imitation of pool or pyramids can also be played on a bligatel board. The main advantage of the game is that, unlike billiards, it needs no special room or "fixings," and can be played in a small space. The size of the board (which is square) can be adapted to purchasers' requirements, but four feet square is the size recommended by the makers as quite large enough. The board will stand on any table, provided it is level, but, of course, a regular kind, like a billiard table, can be supplied. Another point is that the game is played with full-sized balls and cues. Further particulars may be obtained of Fraser Brothers, Ltd., 9, Denmark Street, Charing Cross Road.

More Health-Giving Games

SUGGESTED SEQUELS TO THE DISCOVERY THAT DIABOLO IS A "CURE"

("*Each day brings fresh testimony to the utility of Diabolo. The latest thing in its favour is that it cures sleeplessness.*"—DAILY EXPRESS.)

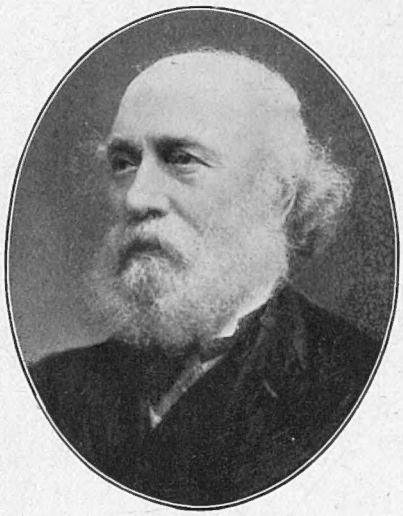
NO. I.—FOR CORPULENCY, ETC.: THE SKIPPING CURE IN THE PARK

A well-known Duchess takes the course of 172 short skips before meals, prescribed by Dr. Wimley, of Harpole Street

BY LAWSON WOOD

The Family Solicitor

We all know the family solicitor of melodrama and old-fashioned fiction—a white-haired old gentleman, with gold-rimmed spectacles, who spends his life in doing deeds of disinterested benevolence to all the deserving characters, and appears in the fifth act to unmask the villain (unless this has been already done by the comic man), and produces the will which confers a house in Park Lane and £50,000 a year upon the heroine. I have never met his exact counterpart in real life; but everyone who is fortunate enough to have a good solicitor will agree that there is a good deal of truth in the portrait. Of course, his actions are not entirely disinterested, for, as we realise when his annual bill comes in, he makes a very good income out of them, yet no money can be better spent, for there are a hundred things which he can do for us much better than we could do them ourselves. When things are not going well with us, he keeps us out of litigation, composes the family differences, extricates the prodigal son from the clutches of the comedy actress, and finally ships him off to the Colonies on an allowance, and takes care that we never see him again; while, when things are prosperous, he manages our estates, collects our rents, and finds capital investments for our spare cash.



Photo] **Mr. E. K. Blyth** *[Elliott and Fry*

President of the Incorporated Law Society, which has lately issued a report on the question of the financial transactions of solicitors.

The Solicitor Turned Thief

The result of all these operations is that a solicitor in large practice always has in his possession very considerable sums of money belonging to his clients. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand they cannot possibly do better than leave it there, but, during the last ten or fifteen years, there have been an unpleasantly large number of cases where he has turned rogue, bolted with the money, and left his clients penniless, and there can be no doubt that public confidence in the family solicitor has been a good deal shaken. I do not think there is any real cause for alarm. There are always a few black sheep in every profession, and it is impossible to dispose of money in such a way as to render it perfectly secure against theft and fraud. We all consider it safe enough in the bank, but those who are old enough to remember the cases of the City of Glasgow Bank, and Greenways at Warwick, will realise that not even there is absolute safety to be found. Nevertheless, the feeling exists, and the general body of solicitors have come to the conclusion that something ought to be done to restore the confidence of the public, and, if possible, to prevent the occurrence of such misappropriations in the future.

Compulsory Honesty

For this purpose a special Committee of the Incorporated Law Society was appointed to consider the whole question and suggest a remedy, and their report was presented in July. It began by recommending a number of obvious precautions, which are probably already taken by almost every solicitor in large practice, such as having a periodical audit and keeping clients' money in a separate account at the bank; but a majority of the Committee desired to make these recommendations compulsory, by refusing to allow any solicitor to practice unless he made a statutory declaration every year that he has complied with one or other of them, and over this part of the report a storm has been raging in Chancery Lane. A great part of the profession object to compulsion altogether, on the ground that it is derogatory and insulting to make any man solemnly declare in writing, once a year, that he is not a thief, and they point out that the Committee's proposals cannot prevent a dishonest man from stealing his clients' money if he wishes to. There is a good deal in these objections, but I think the recommendations would be well worth adopting if it were possible to confine them to the wealthy family solicitors. It has several times happened that a man with no intention of defrauding his clients has suddenly found himself insolvent, simply through careless account-keeping and an insufficient audit. But how about the poor man's lawyer, and the young solicitor just starting practice? They cannot put their clients' money into a separate account, for they often have none to put there, and sometimes do not keep a banking account at all, while they could ill-afford the expense of an annual professional audit of their books. Unless some means can be found for discriminating between these people and their wealthier brethren, compulsion appears to me impossible.

Of Rome and London

Photo *Lallie Charles, 39a, Curzon Street*

THE PRINCESS DI TEANO

The beautiful Anglo-Italian, grand-daugh er of the late Lady Walsingham, who is well known as a sportswoman and a lover of adventure

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Waiting Game

The pulse of the world is beating just a little swiftly. Little happens, but much portends. The Hague Conference at an end, European politics lie quiescent, waiting on the trend of events in Vienna. In the Pacific, the American Fleet — outwardly stern and bellicose, inwardly, says Washington, purely strategic and political—is cruising around the Philippines and putting into Manila with an apparent inconsequence quite delightful to behold. At home, in England, the railway crisis and our Royal visitors absorb public interest for the moment, while steeplechasing at Sandown, the race for the Cambridgeshire at Newmarket, the opening of the hunting season, and a dog show or two engage the undivided attention of that unknown quantity, the "Smart Set."

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Tars in Two Sizes

A little Jack Tar giving a donation to a big (and real) Jack Tar, for the Sailors' Home, on Trafalgar Day

Visiting Monarchs

This week the King and Queen of Spain arrive in England, and will spend, *incognito*, nearly a month in this country. They will attend the wedding of Don Carlos of Spain and Princess Louise of Orleans at Wood Norton, and spend some time at Kensington Palace and at Sandringham. I hear, by the way, that King Alfonso has expressed himself as "dying to try the Brooklands track." Is there a speed limit for visiting Kings in England? I trust so. Otherwise, sundry smashes-up would seem inevitable. King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway are over here for the celebration of the King's November birthday at Sandringham on the 9th; and the German Emperor and Empress arrive at Windsor Castle, according to present arrangements, on the afternoon of the 11th. They

Photo] **The Annual Nelson Orgies: The decoration of Nelson's Column for Trafalgar's 102nd Anniversary** *[Park*

The U.S. Navy's Pacific (?) Cruise

will travel from Bremen in the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, and will be met at Portsmouth by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. On leaving England, their Imperial Majesties will proceed to The Hague on a visit to the Queen of Holland.

* * *

Improvements at Buckingham Palace

The King's headquarters from now until Christmas will be at Buckingham Palace, where the improvements which have been so long in progress are at last completed. Those who knew the Palace under the old *régime*, when Queen Victoria used it only as a place wherein to spend unwillingly a night or two, tell me that the interior is modernised and made comfortable almost out of recognition. Several lifts — a modern institution to which the late Queen had an unconquerable aversion — have been installed. Bathrooms, a necessity not recognised as such during the early Victorian era, have been added in large numbers, and their Majesties' personal suites have been entirely refurnished and redecorated.

* * *

The Royal Suites

A feature of the suites of both the King and the Queen is that all the rooms have communicating doors, so that when all the doors are opened one looks through quite a vista of beautiful apartments. All the King's rooms have green as their predominating colour. His sitting-room contains some beautiful eighteenth-century furniture, but his writing-room is severely modern and business-like, a large flat writing-table, with drawers down each side, not yet having been superseded in the Royal favour by the American and very undecorative roll-top desk. Queen Alexandra's suite of rooms is rather French in character. Her bedroom is panelled in old rose silk, with hangings of white satin, the great low bed surmounted by the Imperial crown. The sitting-room is panelled in ivory silk, with gold edgings, and the furniture and carpet is Louis XVI., while there is some beautiful Beauvais tapestry. Her Majesty's bathroom, which is quite new, and was specially designed for her, is fitted with a bath of Grecian marble, taken from quarries which had not been worked for a thousand years.

* * *

Naval America in the Pacific

Washington, on the subject of the naval demonstration in the Pacific, has been so delightfully naïve, so engagingly innocent, that really one has grown thoughtful, sometimes even suspicious. The cruise of the American Fleet, we have been told, not once, but several times, has no connection whatever with the existing difficulties between America and Japan. The Fleet, it seems, is merely in want of change of air and exercise. It is purely a coincidence that the Pacific Slope, and the present unfortunate moment, should have been chosen to supply those wants. And, a little far-fetched as it may seem, all this may quite well be. Next year, it should be remembered, the Presidential election takes place. On such occasions it is quite the recognised thing in America to wake up the people with war-like talk and business-like preparations. In 1895, it is not yet forgotten, Mr. Cleveland sent his Venezuelan message to England. Nothing happened. Nothing was ever meant to happen. Yet quite as many people then thought that war between England and America was inevitable as now think that war between America and Japan is.

Photo] **Admiral Evans** *[Cribb*

In command of the American battle fleet which is now passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific—for reasons a little vague, perhaps, but, of course, *quite* unconnected with Japan

* * *

The Open Question

Electioneering manœuvres quite apart, however, there is the question between America and Japan, which must, sooner or later, be settled. It is the well-worn one of Asiatic immigration, and it involves a score of side-issues — predominance, racial prejudice, the economic necessity for cheap labour, the impossibility of assimilation, the different standards of life, for

East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet—

and a hundred other vital points. Meanwhile, harbours and barracks, fortifications and great ships, guns, and dry docks so vast that Hong Kong's great basin sinks into comparative insignificance, have been slowly, but surely, evolving at Manila. The Philippines are bankrupt, yes. They are over-taxed, discontented, eaten up with petty internecine warfare, just as restless as ever they were before the intervention of the philanthropic United States. But the harbour is completed, a great naval base is established, and President Roosevelt's darling project—the establishment of the United States as the predominating Power in the Pacific—is well in hand. Time alone can worthily, if at all, solve the Asiatic problem. War would only widen and embitter it. Meanwhile, however, light dawns on the unwonted generosity of America in taking the poor little Philippines under her great protecting wing. It was, so to speak, two for herself, one for the Far East, and nothing at all for the Philippines.

Honouring Great Statesmen: For Fearlessness

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT RECEIVES THE CHEERS OF MISSISSIPPI ADMIRERS

From stereograph copyright 1907 by Underwood and Underwood, N.Y.

The President, on his recent trip down the Mississippi, acknowledges the enthusiastic cheers and demonstrations of crowds on a passing steamer

For Probity and Industry

LORD CROMER RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON

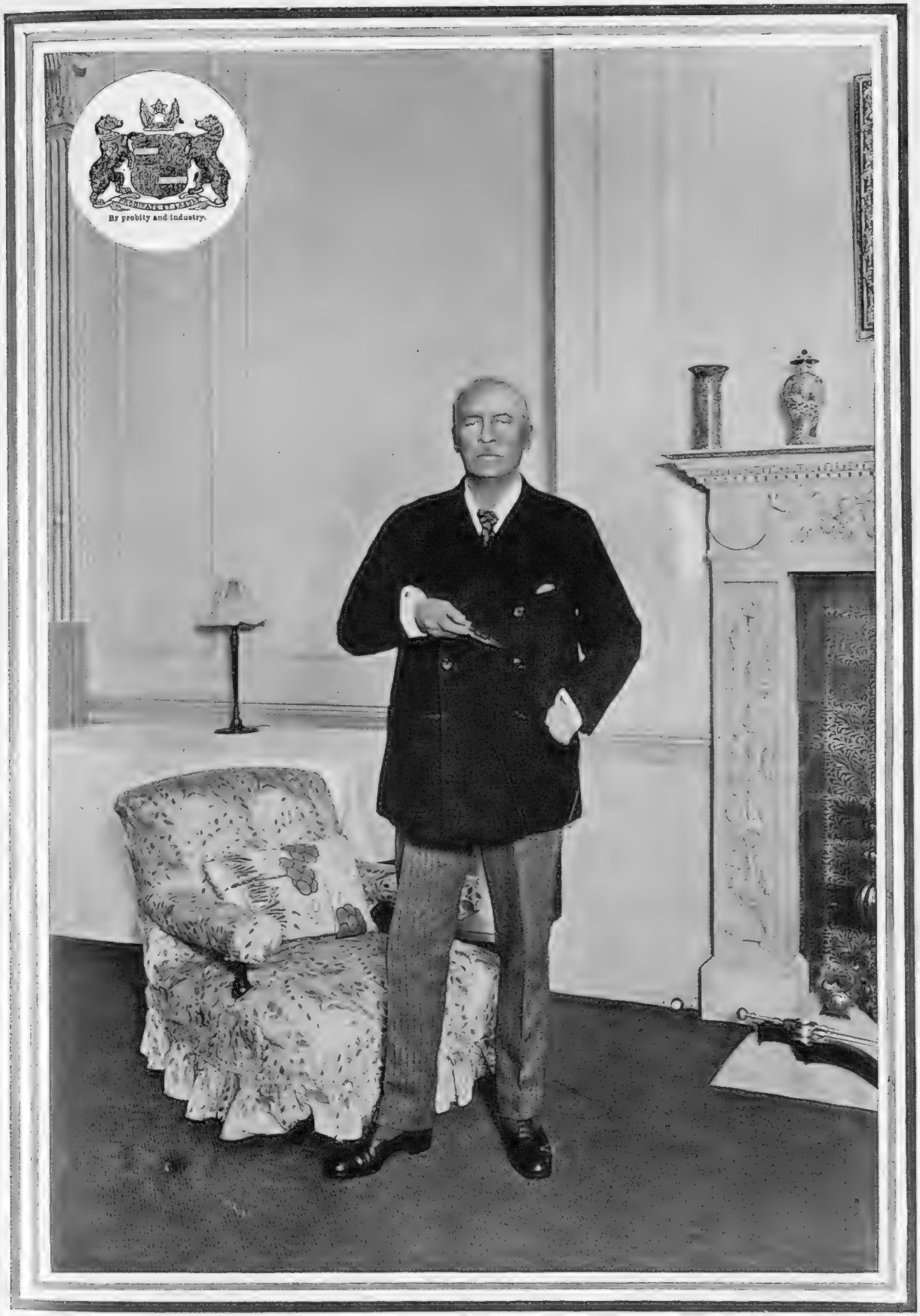


Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

LORD CROMER AT HOME

The late British Agent-General at Cairo received, on Monday last, the great honour of the Freedom of the City. In the corner is the Cromer crest, which has, as its appropriate motto, the words "Probitate et Labore"—essentially the secret of his great success

A Change of Pastimes

The Panic in New York

American finance is in a state approaching chaos. Panic reigns, and the prices of some of the railway stocks have decreased by one-third—in some instances, by one-half—since the beginning of the year. Over-speculation, engineered by methods the reverse of scrupulous, has caused the drop, as it had already caused inflation beyond proper limits. On top of the railway crisis came the copper crisis, the bosses of both being allied or identical, and the value of copper has dropped one-half since January last. The copper combines and trusts have suffered relatively, and the reflex of gambling in both railway and copper stocks is apparent in the crash which is now being witnessed. The schemes of the bosses have "ganged agley," and their wealth also. By what miraculous means they can find the hundreds of millions sterling which they had guaranteed for their ventures under the mistaken anticipation that the public would step in to relieve them of their obligations, is a question for the gods. And until this, the crucial question, is solved, bad can only become worse and failure beget failure.

* * *

"Rot Americanus" Again

Eight months ago I pointed out the dangerous condition of American finance, and we are now furnished with President Roosevelt's diagnosis of the disease. He says it is cancer. There being no known permanent cure for this malign growth, it is to be hoped that the complaint is of a less virulent type, probably a form of what I have taken the liberty to term *Rot Americanus*. That the disease is of a cancerous variety may be inferred from the fact that, during every succeeding crisis, financial doctors (with American degrees) assure us that as soon as the fungoid growth is eradicated, a healthier state of finance will prevail. Relapse having followed relapse, and it being plain that former surgical operations were futile, Dr. Roosevelt is adopting heroic methods. His nostrum is like that supplied by the chemist for destroying insects on plants. It not only kills the insects but the plants also. With an amount of self-satisfaction that is difficult to grasp, the President flatters himself upon having "turned the light" on "successful dishonesty." Now, that which may be proper and becoming for a financial journalist may also be so for a President of the United States of America, though I doubt it. Had he probed the sore and provided a remedy he would not have exposed his motive to misconstruction. He did the one, which was quite unnecessary, and not the other, which was. In punishing "successful dishonesty," he is visiting vengeance upon dishonesty's dupe. The *New York World*, by way of justification or apology for the President's conduct, says: "To trip the policemen and let the thief escape is not a prudent part." Of course it isn't! But I fail to

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Huntswoman and Motorist: Mrs. Gordon-Howard in her Napier car

Mrs. Gordon-Howard is well known in the hunting field. She follows the hounds regularly with the Cambridgeshire and other packs, but this year her doctor has forbidden her to hunt, and she is seriously thinking of going on the stage. Mrs. Gordon-Howard is a most enthusiastic motorist, and has three cars—including a Napier and an Argyll

Before the Crash Came

WALL STREET RECEIVES SOME MUCH-NEEDED SPIRITUAL ADVICE FROM BISHOP INGRAM

Photo *Topical Agency*

'To you of Wall Street I say, make a resolution to pray every day to God!"

But a little while before the frenzy caused by the financial panic, the same "bulls and bears" who were, last week, tearing their hair in the anguish of ruin, were listening to the Bishop of London (mounted on a soap-box) delivering a striking sermon, which culminated in the above words

Touching that Druce Tomb

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Mr. Herbert Druce

Alleged to have sworn a false affidavit as to the burial of his late father, Mr. T. C. Druce, of the Baker Street Bazaar, who, according to the plaintiffs, was none other than the fifth Duke of Portland

grasp the intent of the homily as bearing upon the present position. To punish the thief by despoiling his victim is infinitely less prudent; but that is just the effect which President Roosevelt's onslaught has managed to bring about. He is shooting wildly, and whilst pinking "successful dishonesty" is also hitting dishonesty's victim as well as the innocent bystander. Running amuck is no cure for frenzied finance.

* * * *

The German Court Scandal

Once again we are, through the case of Von Moltke *v.* Harden, amazed by "revelations" of dark doings in Court circles; once again should we be amazed that we are still capable of being amazed at such revelations. For what decade passes but does not unearth some similar scandal—somewhere? Too often has one been divulged in our own country for us to hold up hands of holy horror at the evidence of German aristocratic depravity brought to light, with, it seems to me, somewhat unnecessary ferocity, by Herr Harden. That Moltke was of abnormal inclinations seems to have been proved, but the measure of his practice of them is by no means established. Similarly, with Prince Eulenburg, it is proven that this man exercised, from the first, a baneful influence over his Royal master, as a result of which Bismarck was dismissed, Caprivi overthrown, and the external position of the Empire disturbed. In tracing these undoubted evils to their right source, Harden has done Germany a political service. But could he not have done this without mud-throwing? By all means let him fight a political foe, but with political weapons. The private views on morality of these persons

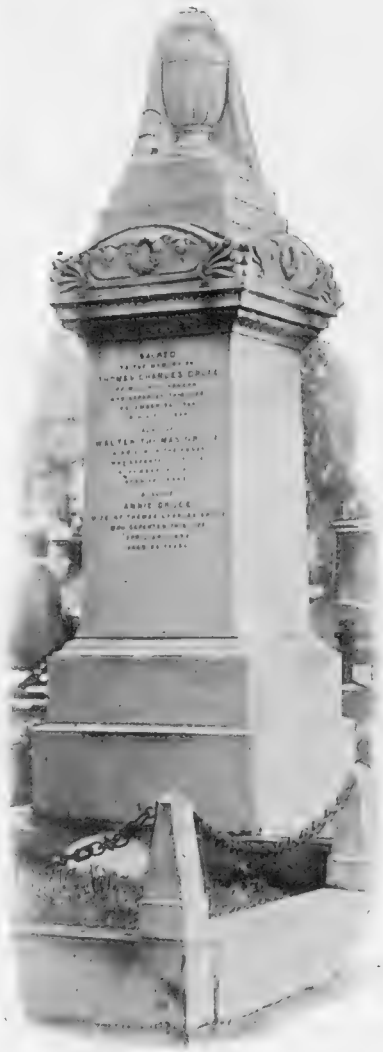


Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Fateful Druce Tomb

The controversy as to the contents of which again rages, and is now before the Police Magistrate in connection with a new action by the claimants. The tomb, as everybody knows, is alleged to contain, not the remains of the late Mr. T. C. Druce at all, but something quite different

may interest the police; they do not concern politics. Even had the Kaiser shown some special favour to men of the Moltke-Eulenberg type, there can be no suggestion of his sympathy with their personal eccentricities. The men denounced with such malignant bitterness by Harden may have been entirely qualified for diplomatic and military duties, and as entitled to advise the Sovereign as others of sterner morals. They happened to mislead him—true. But they might have done that no less had their morals been made of marble. Strict personal virtue has never yet been a necessary accompaniment of statemanship. Nations have often enough, Heaven knows, been led to their doom by plaster saints.

* * * *

The Druce Case Again!

That hardy perennial, the Druce case, has cropped up again, though on this occasion quite a startling development has made its appearance, in the shape of yet another claimant. This gentleman, in quite the approved style, hails from Australia, that land of long-lost relatives, and last week opened his campaign at the Marylebone Police Court. He charges Mr. Herbert Druce, of St. John's Wood, with perjury for stating that he saw his father, Mr. Thomas Charles Druce, the proprietor of the Baker Street Bazaar (also the alleged Duke of Portland), lying dead in his coffin in 1864. The new claimant is the grandson of Mr. T. C. Druce by his first marriage, his father being Mr. George Druce. The defendant is the son of Mr. T. C. Druce by a second wife. The case was adjourned for a fortnight, so for the next few days we must hold our breath, and interest ourselves in other topics—of which there are plenty.

Photo *Park*

Mr. George Hollamby Druce

The new claimant in the famous case, who has instituted the action against Mr. Herbert Druce

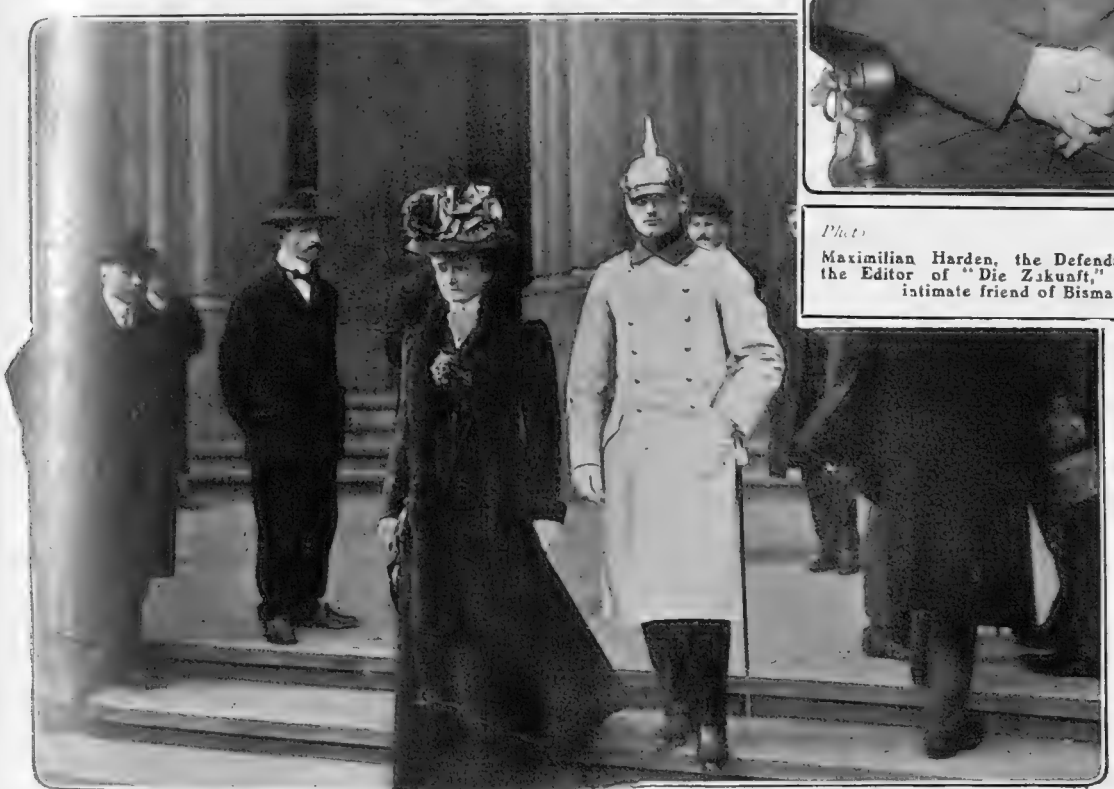
The Moltke-Harden Case

THE "SWEET ONE" AND HIS FELLOW ACTORS IN THE DRAMA

Count Kuno von Moltke (the "Sweet One"), the Plaintiff, and the Countess Dunckelmann on their way from the Court

Photo *Kester*

Maximilian Harden, the Defendant. He is the Editor of "Die Zukunft," and was an intimate friend of Bismarck



Photos *Haeckel*

Frau Lili von Elbe, the Divorced Wife of the Plaintiff, Von Moltke (accompanied by her son), whose evidence of her matrimonial experiences caused so painful a sensation

The most sensational trial of recent years came to an end in Berlin on Saturday, when the Court decided to suspend their judgment on the guilt of Harden. Public opinion decisively favours the defendant, though it is generally felt that the plaintiff has been handled with somewhat unnecessary ferocity. Attention mostly centres round the Kaiser, who is alleged to have been unduly influenced throughout his reign by the "Camarilla," one of the results of which was the summary dropping of Bismarck from the Ship of State

The Youngest British Baronet

"Sir Gawaine"

The new Sir Gawaine Baillie comes "full young and tender of age" into possession of his heritage. So, too, according to Malory, did his namesake, that valorous Sir Gawaine, Knight of King Arthur's Round Table, to whom was early apportioned not only the task of avenging King Lot, his father, upon King Pelinore, but also that, by ordinance of Queen Guenever, of being "ever while he lived for all ladies, fighting for their quarrels, and never to refuse them mercy." Sir Robert Baillie died suddenly at Colchester a week or so ago at the age of forty-nine. His romantically named little son is in his fourteenth year. The late baronet spent the greater part of his life in Australia, though he belonged to a very old Midlothian family, an ancestor of his, Lord Polkemmet, having been a notable judge of the Court of Session in Edinburgh. Lady Baillie, who was a Miss Wilkie, is also descended from a Midlothian family. She was, however, born and brought up in Melbourne, and has also lived there most of her life.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Our Youngest Baronet, Sir Gawaine Baillie

Who, at the age of thirteen, succeeds his father, the late Sir Robert Baillie, in the baronetcy

* * *

Sir Maurice de Bunsen

Sir Maurice de Bunsen is the descendant of a man who was a great favourite with both Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Baron de Bunsen, for so long Prussian Minister to the Court of St. James's, stood so high, indeed, in the Royal favour, that he was for some time regarded with distinct suspicion over in Berlin. Sir Maurice is still rather German in appearance and character, though he is English on the distaff side, and was brought up in England. But he has the diplomatic "bedside" manner to perfection, is very tall, and well-built, and a splendid linguist. He was Councillor of the Paris Embassy in the days of "Mimile," and went on from there to Lisbon, and from thence to Madrid, where ever since his arrival things Moroccan have not ceased from troubling. Both he and Lady de Bunsen are already popular in Madrid. Like her sister-in-law, the beautiful Baroness Deichmann, Lady de Bunsen has great faith in the gastronomic appeal. Her *chef* is a dream, her dinners frequent, the new Embassy very splendid, and Spaniards are no *dilettantes* in the art of how to dine, bad though the national cooking can be.

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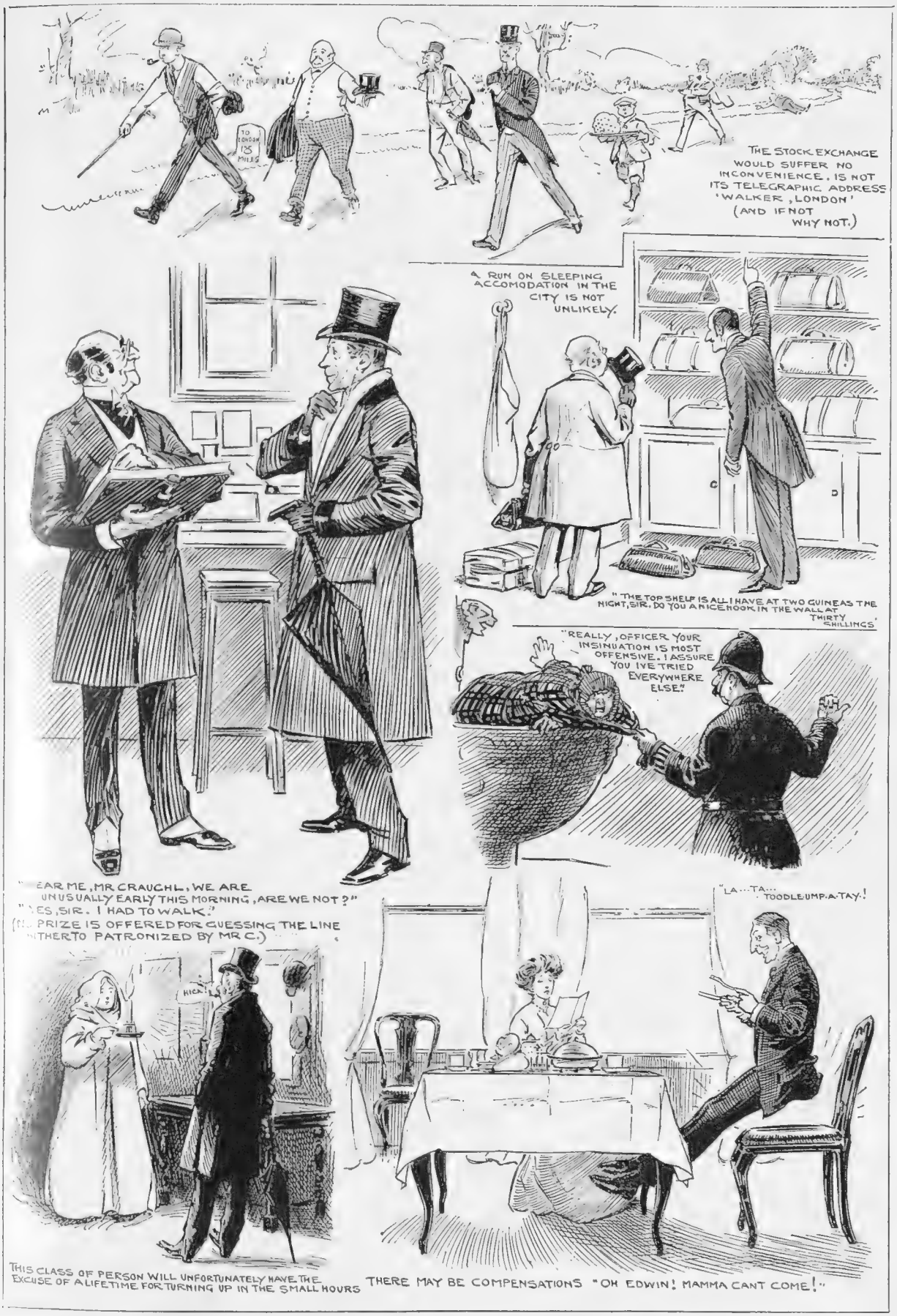
Photo *D. Knights-Whittome*

A Diplomat at Work: Sir Maurice de Bunsen, British Minister in Madrid, in his Study

In the Event of a Railway Strike



A FORECAST OF LONDON'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS IT IF IT HAPPENS

BY FRANK GILLETT

An Impression of Sarah Bernhardt

IN "LE REVEIL"

DRAWN AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE BY CHARLES R. SYKES

THE PLAYHOUSES

BY ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

TWO PROMISING PLAYWRIGHTS

KINGSWAY THEATRE

"Irene Wycherley"

What are the odds against the success of a new play by a new author in a new theatre, presided over by a new manageress? Long odds. I went to the Kingsway Theatre, tenderly nursing the little flame of hope which I never allow quite to die within my breast. I saw a most depressing play, but the occasion was joyful. Not since the sudden appearance of Mr. Sutro upon Mount Olympus has there appeared one more qualified than Mr. Anthony P. Wharton to take his place among the gods. He has not yet laid bare his secrets under the deft probing of the interviewers, but I swear Ibsen has been his master. He has Ibsen's rather uncanny power of suggestion; his way of telling truths in an exceedingly unpleasant manner; his way of making our disgust appear a mean, middle-class emotion beside his own cleverness and knowledge of human nature.

The relations between Philip Wycherley (Mr. Norman McKinnel) and his wife (Miss Lena Ashwell) are dissected with such astonishing skill that, though we are tempted to cry out, "Hold! Enough of this sickening spectacle!" we are compelled against our will to sit still until the operator has finished. The new dramatist is often, alas! painful, but not in the sense that Mr. Wharton is painful. In the first case, the word "painful" is slang; in the second case, the word carries its true meaning. Mr. Wharton inflicts pain by his ability to draw a set of characters so dreadfully true that we are fascinated by them; that we are unable to withdraw our gaze from them. "What a picnic!" cries Peggy Muriel Wycherley (Miss Doris Lytton). Used satirically, this phrase might serve as a text to the notice of the play. A picnic it is of the most unpleasant description.

The play reveals the mental sufferings of a wife married to a beast. In good, honest, old melodrama the house cries "Oh!" when the villain knocks a woman about. Philip Wycherley's treatment of his wife causes us even greater thrills of disgust. Miss Lena Ashwell's performance of the unhappy wife is haunting. She moves through the play a figure of sorrow, and there is many a case where the actress gives the final touches to the creation of the dramatist. Her silences are more eloquent than her outbursts.

The "support" to the new actress-manageress was ably provided by Mr. C. M. Hallard (Harry Chesterton, the devoted lover of Irene Wycherley), Mr. Norman McKinnel (Philip Wycherley), who revelled rather in the horrors of his rôle, Miss Muriel Wylford, and Mr. Henry Vibart. The two last players are cast for the rôles of Mr. and Mrs. Summers, who provide the pivot upon which the tragedy turns. Lily Summers has been the mistress of Philip Wycherley. She marries, and reappears in his country-house as a guest. Summers, suspecting the relationship, is responsible for the gunshot "accident" which so disfigures Wycherley. The second time, Summers makes more certain of his aim. He shoots the wretched Wycherley and turns the weapon upon himself. A sordid story, but powerful—most powerful. The closing few minutes of the play strung the audience up to a nervous pitch of excitement. As a rule, at this period of the play, they are making dives for coats and wraps.

Photo *Lever Street Studios*

Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Muriel Beaumont in "The Barrier," at the Comedy Theatre

LADY ALMA DUMARAY (*Miss Muriel Beaumont*): "It's all over now, Maggie, dear"

APOLLO THEATRE

"The Education of Elizabeth"

Mr. Roy Horniman is a welcome addition to the thin ranks of British dramatists. He has plenty of ideas, and is at home when exploiting them through the medium of the stage. When he has "found himself" we expect to find him figuring often upon the playbills of West End productions. *The Education of Elizabeth* possesses an immense amount of charm. There is good writing in it, and clever characterisation. It is one of those plays which is so good that one is safe to lay odds upon the next one being a hundred per cent. better. The inexperienced writer for the stage finds it difficult to keep upon the plane of comedy. Mr. Horniman kept there for two acts, and then fear had the effect of making him jump off. He was afraid that there was not enough drama about his play, so proceeded to supply the deficiency. When he grew dramatic, he grew obvious. We like Elizabeth, turned by education from a gay, good-hearted, rather common girl into a prude and a blue-stocking; but she begins to bore us when she runs away with the gentlemanly villain, Mr. Whitby (Mr. H. V. Esmond), leaves him at Victoria, goes into Bloomsbury lodgings, and is finally discovered by the hero. There is one terrible bogey which confronts the new playwright—the bogey of convention. He is told that success lies at the end of beaten tracks. The new man soars upon the wings of his fancy, then grows afraid of his temerity and falls to earth. But Mr. Horniman should soon develop into a long-distance flyer. The change in the character of Elizabeth, and especially the wonderfully natural quarrel which her new outlook upon life involves her with her old stage friend, Blanche Macyntyre (Miss Florence Lloyd), could only have been developed by a man of more than ordinary capacity for writing for the stage.

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Lily Brayton

As Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, at His Majesty's Theatre

Miss Miriam Clements acted with great charm, both as the old Elizabeth and as the new. She managed to sustain our interest in the character even during the inferior latter half of the play. Mr. H. Marsh Allen, in his quiet, telling way, made a very real person of Elizabeth's *fiancé*, Harry Fairfax. Miss Maude Millett, as Harry's sister, completed this trio of most likeable characters. Mr. Laurence Grossmith was of great assistance in the lighter passages. Miss Florence Lloyd, as the vulgar, good-hearted Blanche Macyntyre, reminded us of Miss Nancy Price's famous shop-girl character, but the rôle, quite as much as the actress, suggested the resemblance.

For some totally inexplicable reason, the gallery booed the author. Surely these ill-mannered young men must have sufficient knowledge of things theatrical to realise the present shortage in dramatic authors. If they do realise this fact, and were unable to recognise in Mr. Horniman a very promising recruit to the writers for the stage, then one can only lament their ignorance.

QUEEN'S THEATRE

"The Sugar Bowl"

Mr. Herbert Sleath's season opened last week at the Queen's Theatre with a new comedy by Madeline Lucette Riley, *The Sugar Bowl*. The *raison d'être* of the title is given in the first act by the forlorn heroine. Having been neglected for four seasons by those from whom she most expected attention, she suggests to an ex-Ambassador, whose attention she attracts in the ballroom by knocking over a "shrub in tub," that he shall, for a time, act as her decoy fly, merely, of course, to attract others of a similar sex to himself. But there must be nothing serious, merely a game, pure pretence on either part. That's what she says. In the end, of course, the ex-Ambassador proposes and is accepted. There were one or two quite pretty love scenes, very charmingly played by Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Mr Fred Kerr; Miss Kate Sargeanson, the Grande Dame *par excellence*, had a great deal to say, and said it well and distinctly; also quite a number of ladies and gentlemen otherwise assisted in the performance, but as none of them are allowed to remain on the stage for more than a few minutes at a time it is difficult to take more than a casual interest in their movements. E. C. S.

An Irish Singer

The success of the recent Pan-Celtic Congress at Edinburgh showed the interest which has recently been awakened in Celtic folk-lore and folk-songs. It is, therefore, interesting to hear that a singer of no small merit and reputation is devoting herself entirely to the interpretation of Irish folk-songs and melodies. Miss Eileen Russell, the lady in question, who has already been heard to great advantage in grand opera, has made a special study of the songs of her native land, and recently gave a most charming and sympathetic rendering of several characteristic melodies at a soirée held under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society. Miss Russell sings with exquisite charm many of Moore's beautiful "Irish Melodies," besides many ancient and traditional airs seldom or never heard beyond the shores of the Emerald Isle. The feeling and depth of the Celtic nature finds its full expression in Miss Eileen Russell's interpretations, and her performance is both delightful and unique.

A STUDY IN INANITION

Sir Charles Wyndham made a daring innovation when he decided to produce *The Mollusc*, for the cast of the piece only contains four persons. His venture, however, has been amply justified, and now "everyone" is flocking to see the efforts displayed by husband and brother to combat the "molluscery" and supine nature of Mrs. Baxter

DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The Kaiser's English Visit

The Kaiser's forthcoming visit to King Edward is the subject of much quiet but wondering amusement in France, where British anti-German feeling has been watched with some pleasure. The French, who are essentially psychologists, have come to regard that feeling as contributing to the development of Anglo-French amity. Thus, there is no very keen desire to see the hostility to Germany in England abate, and there is much speculation as to how the reception given to the German Sovereign will compare, for instance, with that enjoyed by M. Loubet. The announcement that M. Fallières will be invited to pay a visit to the King next year is probably premature. A very friendly reception to the Kaiser will almost make an invitation to M. Fallières a political necessity. A cold reception given to the Kaiser might relieve the King from any such obligation towards his Gallic friends. The German character is super-sensitive and pessimistic in International matters, and the Kaiser's impetuous way of saying what is uppermost in his mind, irrespective of consequences, does not tend to smooth over difficulties when they occur. On the whole, I gather from conversation with my French friends that, though their feelings would be gratified by a cold reception of the German guests, their reason turns them the other way. The French want peace almost at any price, and the anti-militarist movement has taken a strong hold on a large part of the population of the leading towns.

Photo *E.N.A.*

Under Parental Supervision!

Their Imperial Highnesses Princess Victoria Louise and Prince Joachim of Prussia. Prince Joachim, whose likeness to his august parent may be noted, is about to be confirmed, and the Princess is being carefully coached by the Kaiserin in domestic duties, so as to be fitted, one day, perhaps, to keep house for some king or other

* * *

The Education of a Prince and Princess

In spite of the fact that he is overwhelmed with affairs of State, the Kaiser manages to find time to devote to the education of his sons and daughter. With his family, he is the same great autocrat as he is in politics, and it will not be his fault if ever this Imperial household forgets who was its illustrious head. "Imperialism is no excuse for laziness," he would tell his sons when their scholastic progress failed to satisfy him. "You need expect no protection from your Imperial father," he warned one of them; "by the front door only will you enter the Army; no son of mine shall receive favouritism." Thus H.I.H. Prince Joachim knows that, if his sums are wrong, or his Latin is weak, his Imperial father will require some explanation. Princess Louise has also to pass the paternal examinations. In the science of housekeeping she has learnt all that it is possible to know, and to break her of her tom-boy habits and train her for her possible future rôle of Queen Consort, she is now allowed to visit with the Empress and take part in State ceremonies. Deportment, voice-production, and fluency in foreign languages are the branches of education in which William II. desires his daughter to excel. The Emperor and Empress are leaving Cadinen for their charming little hunting box at Hubertusstock, about two hours' motor ride from Berlin, which has of late years been somewhat neglected.

* * *

The Kaiser's Religion

This is the Kaiser's first visit to Hubertusstock since the renovations, so that the grounds, preserves, and castle are now in the best condition. A new garage and excellent stables have also been built. During his short stay at Hubertusstock, the Kaiser intends to superintend Prince Joachim's preparation for confirmation, which is to take place soon with all the State ceremony such an important step in a young Prince's life demands. In matters of religion, the Kaiser is strictness itself. Irreverence he will never allow, and to the long trusted Dr. Dryander, the chief Court chaplain, every member of the Imperial family looks up with admiration and respect. The Kaiser, as a preacher, is not unknown. I have just re-read one of the sermons he preached at Münster, and no Protestant pastor could better have explained the doctrine of Christian charity. Terminating with a roll of drums and several "*hochs*," these words could not fail to produce their effect, but the greatest and best part of William's knowledge of Christianity has been

printed in monthly reviews. Some have sneered at his descending to journalism. But to all this the Kaiser is indifferent, for is he not one of those privileged writers who can air his opinions regardless of criticism? The Germans are very pleased with the Kaiser's decision that his eldest son shall work in the Wilhelmstrasse. The Crown Prince himself is also delighted with the suggestion, knowing how invaluable it will be, in his *métier* of Emperor, to know exactly what should and should not take place in the governing of a country. Hunting has begun in earnest in Germany. The Crown Prince hardly ever misses a Royal meet, which is always surrounded by a great deal of ceremony, and it is his particular duty to distribute the sprigs of fir which each hunter proudly places in his hat, and which is the finishing touch to the brilliant *Hof Jagd* costume.

* * *

Dr. Liebknecht's Imprisonment

The condemnation of Dr. Liebknecht to eighteen months' incarceration in a fortress for publishing an anti-militarist pamphlet, reminds one that he passed the earliest years of his life in London, where he was born. His father had many friends in both England and France. Liebknecht, senior, was a refugee in England for many years, spoke English perfectly, and French well. One of them told me how, some twenty-five years ago, his son called on him at Leipzig, and was surprised, while waiting for the great leader in the tiny sitting-room of Liebknecht's little cottage, to hear children screaming, whilst romping, in the purest "Cockney" to each other, and the mother, in English of the same pure kind, admonishing them to silence. In London, at that time, there were political refugees from most European countries. They knew each other well, and when the great wave of Liberalism spread over Europe with the consolidation of Italy and Germany, they returned to their respective countries. Many of them, as acknowledged and honoured leaders, remained friends till they died, and now German, French, and Italian Radical extremists are as far from each other as they are from their rival parties at home.

Photo *Hamilton*

Convicted of High Treason

Karl Liebknecht, the Socialist leader, who was recently sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in a fortress for high treason against Germany

Photo *E.N.A.*

Mud as a Cure for Rheumatism: The Salt Mud Baths at Saki, in the Crimea

The Russian newspapers continue to chronicle extraordinary cures of rheumatism, sciatica, hip disease, and even appendicitis, effected by the remarkable mud baths at Saki, in the Crimea. The mud is obtained from the salt lakes in the vicinity, and is heated by the sun to a temperature only a few degrees below boiling point. Patients lie enveloped in the unpleasant mess—if they be strong—for a period of twenty minutes, when they are taken to the washing-room and liberally sprayed with hot water until they are cleansed. They are then clad in luxurious dressing-gowns and hurried to bed, where they perspire freely for a couple of hours. The baths, which are in the open air, are divided into first and second-class, 3*s.* being charged for the former and 1*s.* 10*d.* for the latter. The little girl seen in the foreground of the above photograph has one leg only immersed in the mud, as the rest of her body requires no cure. The stout lady in the white shirt and large white linen hat is a Russian doctor in charge of the baths

New German Appointments

Alsace-Lorraine has a new Statthalter, and Germany a new Minister of Foreign Affairs. Herr von Tschirschky is leaving the Wilhelmstrasse to become German Ambassador at Vienna, and no one rejoices more at the change than von Tschirschky himself. Herr von Schoen is to take his place. The Count von Wedel replaces the Prince von Hohenlohe-Langenburg in Alsace-Lorraine. Herr von Schoen owes his post not only to his brilliant diplomatic qualifications, but also to his friendship with the Kaiser.

Herr von Tschirschky did all in his power to establish good relations between Germany and France. Herr von Schoen will probably continue this policy. In Copenhagen he was most successful in doing so, and in St. Petersburg it was he who arranged the celebrated interview of Swinemunde, which brought him such universal praise. The Russians considered him an ideal Ambassador, and yet many of his compatriots expected him to work miracles; some even went so far as to expect him to prevent the Anglo-Russian Treaty. Herr von Schoen and M. Isvolsky are intimate friends.

To the Emperor's desire to protect a friend, Herr von Tschirschky owed his position in the Wilhelmstrasse, and he knew it. He was well aware how poor were his speeches, which appeared doubly so after Bülow's brilliant orations. Finally, he recognised the impossibility of continuing in a position for which he was not qualified, and frankly told the Emperor so. He will be far more in his element as Ambassador at Vienna, and declares that, before two years have passed, the long-desired Franco-German *entente* will be established. Perhaps he will be mistaken! But his pacific views can harm no one, least of all himself.

Photo *Le Lieure*

The New Governor of Alsace-Lorraine

Count von Wedel, who is taking up this new position in succession to Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg. He is a personal friend of the Kaiser

* * *

The Hague Conference

So the Hague Conference has finished its work after more than four months' labour. The ladies have, for the last six weeks, been flitting between The Hague and Paris buying clothes, necessary and unnecessary, fitting dresses, trying hats, and spending money, as the last resort of feminine *ennui*. The men are all as ill-humoured as can be, chiefly because they feel their work does not come up to public expectations. Some of the delegates feel very strongly the hardly unjustified criticism which has been lavished on the Conference. A few, however, have scored personally. Mr. Choate and M. Bourgeois remain the p[illegible] men they were before the Conference, and the South Americans have made their mark as orators, if not as debaters, and have played much, it is said, to their native galleries. Opinions have changed concerning Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. The Englishmen, who usually distinguish themselves as managing spirits, have failed to do so this time. Had their leader been a younger man, this would probably not have been the case. Why this Britannic preference for men long past the prime of life? It is unique among nations. Another person who has distinguished himself at The Hague Conference is M. Isudjuki, the first Japanese delegate, and, as a reward for his services, his Government has offered him the Embassy at Berlin. As the representative of the country farthest removed from the seat of the Conference, and a Power which has been the latest to taste the horrors of war, it was he who was called upon to thank his colleagues for their humane assistance in the cause of Peace.

* * *

A New U.S. Ambassador for Germany?

I hear that Mr. Tower is to resign his position as United States Ambassador at Berlin. The news is received with very great regret, for Mr. Tower has done all in his power, socially and politically, to make his term of office a success, and he has been repaid. A friend of Mr. Tower's tells me the reason for his resignation is that he wishes to return to America to superintend the education of his sons, who are, later, to enter the diplomatic service. The two possible candidates for the post are Dr. Hill, a Minister at the Hague, and Mr. Nicholas Longworth. Of the two men, naturally, Dr. Hill has had more experience. He is well versed in International law, is a clever speaker, entertains a great deal, and, during the Peace Conference, he and Mrs. Hill were to be seen in every drawing-room. Mr. Longworth was very well received when he visited Berlin. The Kaiser, I have heard, told the President's daughter, when she expressed the desire to become an Ambassadress in Europe, that he would be more than pleased were she sent to Berlin. In Paris, "Princess" Alice did not create such a favourable impression. The Society of the Faubourg St. Germain sneered at what they called her attempts to play the Princess Royal, and, of course, visits of State were, even in the case of actual Royalties, contrary to the ideals of Republicanism. Mrs. Longworth was not altogether to blame. She was young, "untamed," newspaper accounts were probably exaggerated, and there are few persons, of greater age than herself, who would resist such an opportunity of visiting the world as a "personage." Mrs. Longworth has greatly improved since her marriage. She has become more refined in manner and dress, is devoted to her husband, and is busily engaged in preparing herself for high duties.

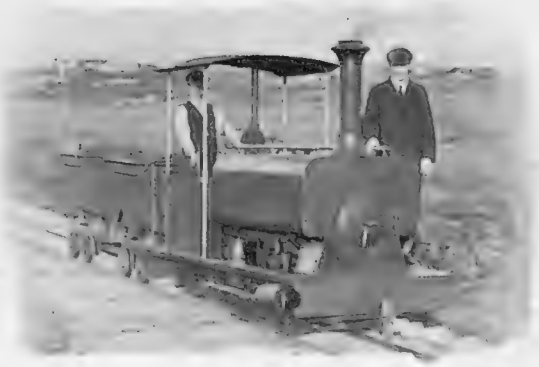
Royal Stag Hunters in Tyrol

DUKE CHARLES EDWARD OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA AND PARTY SECURE A GOOD BAG

Duke Charles Edward — Members of the Royal Entourage — Master of the Hunt

(From stereograph copyright Underwood and Underwood)

PHOTOGRAPHING WI[RELESS]



The Place whence Transatlantic Marconigrams are Transmitte[d]

The Marconi Express!

The miniature train by which communication other than wireless is maintained with the outer world. The supplies have to be brought for miles across boggy country to the isolated station at Clifden, Connemara

Mr. Entwistle

In charge of the Wireless Station at Clifden

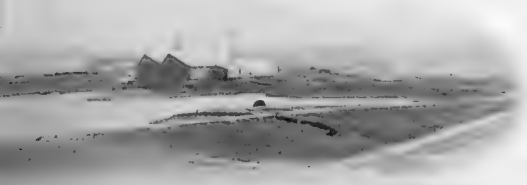
Photos

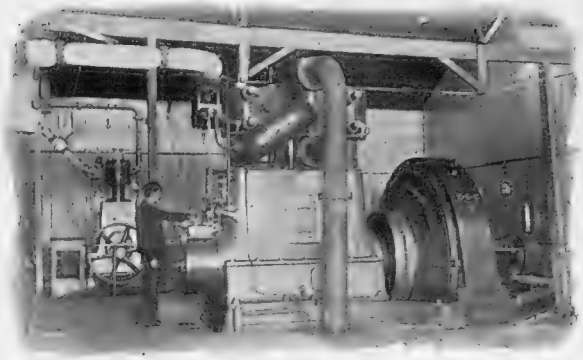
What Hertzian Waves Look Like: Remarkable ph[otograph] transmission [of]

Wireless telegraphy, one of the most wonderful an[d] fascinating of recent adaptations of natural phenomena, has now passed the purely experimental, though not the evolutionary, stage. The establishment by Signor Marconi of his regular service between Clifden Bay, Connemara, Ireland, and Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, is a new, thoug[h] invisible, bond of union between England and the other side of the Atlantic, and the institution of a public service of "Marconigraphy," at the rate of 5*d.* a word to the public—less than half the present cable rates—is an inestimable boon. The above remarkable photograph of the Hertzian waves, by means of which the messages

THE NEW MARCONI TELEGRAPH SERV[ICE]

RELESS MESSAGES!

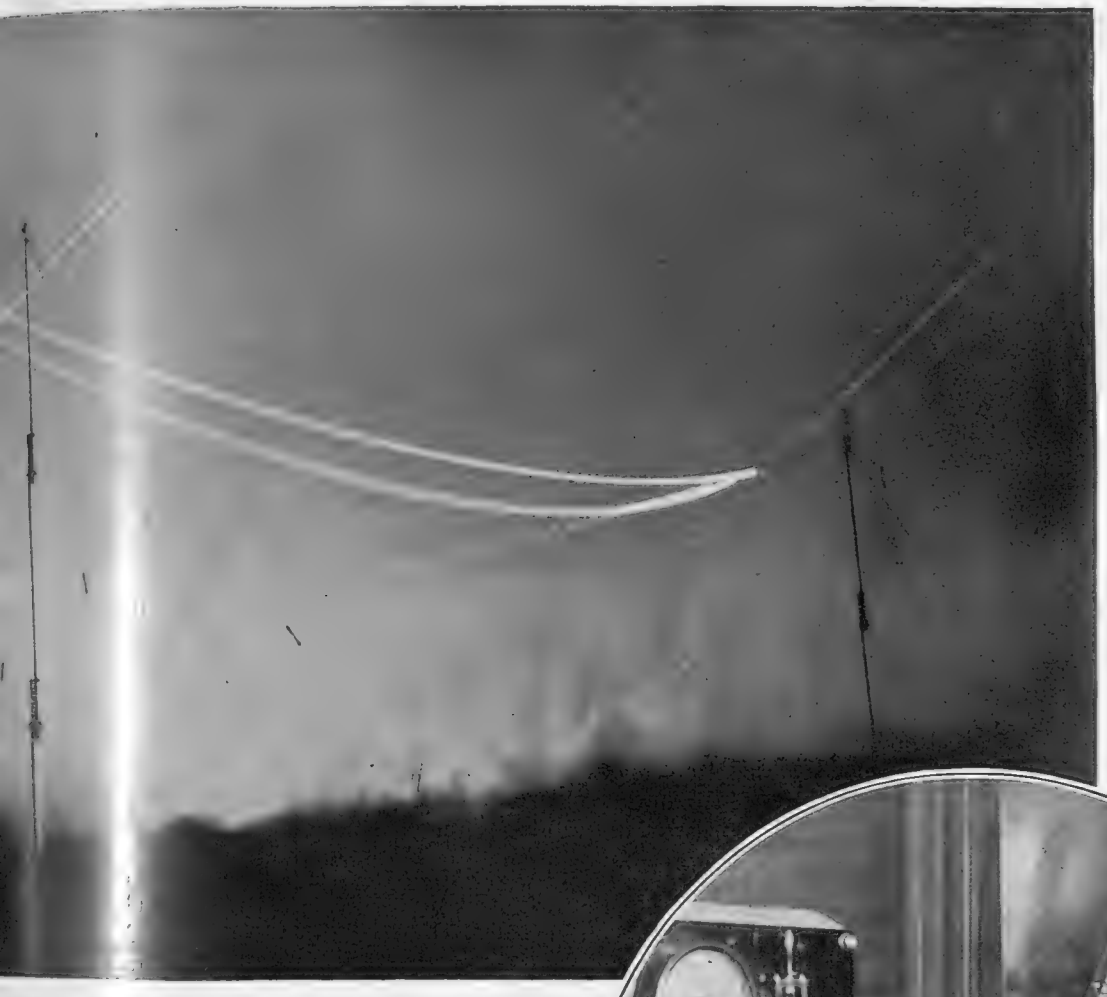




itted: General view of the Clifden Station, Connemara

The Dynamo Room

Where the electric current for the transmission of messages is generated



Mr. Tracey

Receiving the first message

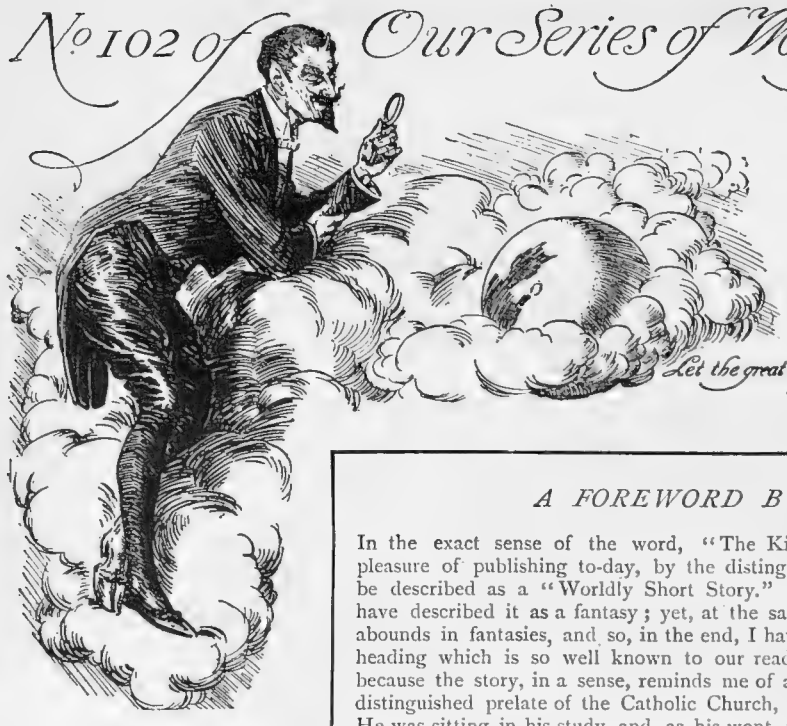
hotograph of Marconi messages in the course of from Clifde

are transmitted through space, is also a striking example of the wonders of photography, for the effects recorded by the camera are quite invisible to the human eye. The photograph was taken on a dark and starless night, the moon being visible only once or twice during the half-hour exposure of the plate. Not only do the upright masts stand out prominently, but the wires connected with them are illuminated—to the eye of the camera—by the electric current passing through them, and still more wonderful shafts of light, which the experts contend are the electric rays transmitting a message, are visible.

ICE BETWEEN BRITAIN AND AMERICA

Illustrations Bureau

No. 102 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The King's Messenger

By F. MARION CRAWFORD

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

A FOREWORD BY THE EDITOR

In the exact sense of the word, "The King's Messenger," the story we have the pleasure of publishing to-day, by the distinguished writer, Mr. Marion Crawford, cannot be described as a "Worldly Short Story." It would have been better, perhaps, to have described it as a fantasy; yet, at the same time, to a great many people, the world abounds in fantasies, and so, in the end, I have decided it shall be published under the heading which is so well known to our readers. I am the more disposed to do this because the story, in a sense, reminds me of a conversation I had some years ago with a distinguished prelate of the Catholic Church, a priest whose name is a household word. He was sitting in his study, and, as his wont, was talking earnestly, and in a manner that was sincere and convincing. He made a remark that was so startling that I sat upright. "I cannot believe you mean it seriously," I said. "I was never more serious in my life," was the reply. "There is sin in this world, but those who commit sin are the unwilling victims of the Devil. I believe that Satan has his emissaries in the world, who move in our midst and take any form whatsoever that their Master desires. You may meet them in broad daylight in the streets of Piccadilly. You may meet them as honoured guests at the table of a duchess. They are not confined to one class, and their methods are sufficiently astute always to attain their purpose." When I parted from the Monsignor, I was not certain whether he was the victim of blind superstition, fantasy, or whatever it may be called. I merely state the fact; and since a man reputed for his learning and urbanity could hold such a view, I feel that the manuscript below, by such a distinguished weaver of romance, may properly be called a Worldly Short Story, for who can say to what extent the world is not made up of "fantasies"?—EDITOR.

IT was rather a dim daylight dinner. I remember that quite distinctly, for I could see the glow of the sunset over the trees in the park through the high window at the West end of the dining-room. I had expected to find a larger party, I believe, for I recollect being a little surprised at seeing only a dozen people assembled at table. It seemed to me that in old times, ever so long ago, when I had last stayed in that house, there had been as many as thirty or forty guests. I recognised some of them among a number of beautiful portraits that hung on the walls. There was room for a great many, because there was only one huge window at one end, and one large door at the other. I was very much surprised, too, to see a portrait of myself, evidently painted about twenty years ago, by Lenbach. It seemed very strange that I should have so completely forgotten the picture, and that I should not be able to remember having sat for it. We were good friends, it is true, and he might have painted it from memory without my knowledge, but it was certainly strange that he should never have told me about it. The portraits that hung in the dining-room were all very good indeed, and all, I should say, by the best painters of that time.

My left-hand neighbour was a lovely girl, whose name I had forgotten, though I had known her long; and I fancied that she looked a little disappointed when she saw that I was beside her. On my right there was a vacant seat, and beyond it sat an elderly woman with features as hard as the overwhelmingly splendid diamonds she wore. Her eyes made me think of grey glass marbles cemented into a stone mask. It was odd that her name should have escaped me, too, for I had often met her.

The table looked irregular, and I counted the guests mechanically while I ate my soup. We were only twelve; the empty chair beside me was the thirteenth place.

I suppose it was not very tactful of me to mention this; but I wanted to say something to the beautiful girl on my left, and no other subject for a general remark suggested itself. Just as I was going to speak, I remembered who she was.

"Miss Lorna," I said, to attract her attention, for she was looking away from me towards the door, though she turned when I spoke—"I hope you are not superstitious about being thirteen at table—are you?"

"We are only twelve," she said, in the sweetest voice in the world.

"Yes, but someone else is coming. There's an empty chair here beside me."

"Oh, he doesn't count," said Miss Lorna quietly. "At least, not for everybody. When did you get here? Just in time for dinner, I suppose."

"Yes," I answered, "I'm in luck to be beside you. It seems an age since we were last here together."

"It does, indeed." Miss Lorna sighed and looked

(*Continued on page 230*)

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"Irene Wycherley" at the Kingsway

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Lena Ashwell as Irene Wycherley and Mr. C. M. Hallard as Harry Chesterton at the Kingsway Theatre

Miss Lena Ashwell has started her venture as actress-manageress at the new Kingsway Theatre very auspiciously with the play *Irene Wycherley*. Though not to be placed in the category of "plays pleasant," the piece is a wonderful study of grim, relentless realism, and of its author, Mr. A. P. Wharton, we shall hear more in the near future

(*Continued from page 228*)

at the pictures on the opposite wall. "I've lived a lifetime since I saw you last."

I smiled at the exaggeration.

"When you are thirty, you won't talk of having your life behind you," I said.

"I shall never be thirty," Miss Lorna answered, with such an odd little air of conviction that I did not think of anything to say. "Besides, life isn't made up of years or months or hours, or of anything that has to do with time." she continued. "You ought to know that. Our bodies are something better than mere clocks, wound up to show just how old we are at every moment, by our hair turning grey and our teeth falling out and our faces getting wrinkled and yellow, or puffy and red. Look at your own portrait over there. I don't mind saying that you must have been twenty years younger when that was painted, but I'm sure you are just the same man to-day—improved by age, perhaps!"

I heard a sweet little echoing laugh that seemed very far away; and, indeed, I could not have sworn that it rippled from Miss Lorna's beautiful lips, for though they were parted and smiling, my impression is that they did not move, even as most women's lips are moved by laughter.

"Thank you for thinking me improved," I said. "I find you a little changed, too. I was just going to say that you seem sadder, but you laughed just then."

"Did I? I suppose that's the right thing to do when the play is over, isn't it?"

"If it has been an amusing play," I answered, humouring her.

The wonderful violet eyes turned to me, full of light.

"It's not been a bad play. I don't complain."

"Why do you speak of it as over?"

"I'll tell you, because I'm sure you will keep my secret. You will, won't you? We were always such good friends, you and I, even two years ago, when I was young and silly! Will you promise not to tell anyone till I'm gone?"

"Gone?"

"Yes. Will you promise?"

"Of course I will. But——"

I did not finish the sentence, because Miss Lorna bent nearer to me, so as to speak in a much lower tone. While I listened, I felt her sweet young breath on my cheek.

"I'm going away to-night with the man who is to sit on your other side," she said. "He's a little late. He often is, for he is tremendously busy; but he'll come presently, and after dinner we shall just stroll out into the garden and never come back. That's my secret. You won't betray me, will you?"

Again, as she looked at me, I heard that far-off silver laugh, sweet and low. I was almost too much surprised by what she had told me to notice how still her parted lips were, but that comes back to me now, with my other details.

"My dear Miss Lorna," I said, "do you think of your parents before taking such a step?"

"I have thought of them," she answered. "Of course, they would never consent, and I am very sorry to leave them, but it can't be helped."

At this moment, as often happens when two people are talking in low tones at a large dinner table, there was a momentary lull in the general conversation, and I was spared the trouble of making any further answer to what Miss Lorna had told me so unexpectedly, and with such profound confidence in my discretion.

To tell the truth, she would very probably not have listened, whether my words expressed sympathy or protest, for she had turned suddenly pale, and her eyes were wide and dark. The drop in the talk at table was due to the appearance of the man who was to occupy the vacant place beside me.

He had entered the room very quietly, and he made no elaborate apology for being late, as he sat down, bending his head courteously to our hostess and her husband, and smiling in a gentle sort of way as he nodded to the others.

"Please forgive me," he said quietly. "I was detained by a funeral and missed the train."

It was not until he had taken his place that he looked across me at Miss Lorna and exchanged a glance of recognition with her. I noticed that the lady with the hard face and the splendid diamonds, who was on his other side, drew away from him a little, as if not wishing even to let his sleeve brush against her bare arm. It occurred to me at the same time that Miss Lorna must be wishing me anywhere else except between the man with whom she was just going to run away, and I wished, for their sake and mine, that I could change places with him.

He was certainly not like other men, though few people would have called him handsome. There was something about him that instantly fixed the attention; rarely beautiful as Miss Lorna was, almost everyone would have noticed him first on entering the room, and most persons, I think, would have been more interested by his face than by hers. I could well imagine that some women might love him even to distraction, though it was just as easy to understand that others might be strongly repelled by him, and might even fear him.

For my part, I shall not try to describe him as one describes an ordinary man, with a dozen or so of adjectives that leave nothing to the imagination but yet offer it no picture which it can grasp. My instinct was to fear him rather than think of him as a possible friend, but I could not help feeling instant admiration for him, as one does at first sight for anything which is very complete, harmonious, and strong. He was dark, and pale, with a shadowy pallor I never saw in any other face; the features of thrice-great Holmes were not modelled in more perfect symmetry; his luminous eyes were not unkind, but there was something fateful in them, and they were set very deep under the grand white brow. His age I could not guess, but I should have called him young; standing, I had seen that he was tall and sinewy, and now that he was seated, he had the unmistakable look of a man accustomed to be in authority, to be heard and to be obeyed. His hands were white, his fingers straight, lean, and very strong.

Everyone at the table seemed to know him, but, as often happens among civilised people, no one called him by name in speaking to him.

"We were beginning to be afraid that you might not get here," said our host.

(*Continued on page 232*)

Not Merely Men of Letters

SOME STRIKING EXHIBITS AT THE G.P.O. ART SOCIETY'S SHOW

"A STUDY OF A HEAD." By MR. L. A. PAYNE (LONDON)

"IN FULL SAIL: A THAMES STUDY." By MR. H. W. HIGHAM (LONDON)

"GOLDEN AUTUMN." By MR. H. SCOTT (LEEDS)

The Civil Service has been the training ground of many famous literary men, and to judge by the exhibits to be seen at the G.P.O. Art Society's Show recently opened by Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Postmaster-General, at St. Martin's-le-Grand, there are artists of no mean merit in the postal service, some of whom would make their mark in another sphere than that of letters

(Continued from page 230)

"Really?" The Thirteenth Guest smiled quietly, but shook his head. "Did you ever know me to break an engagement, under any circumstances?"

The master of the house laughed, though not very cordially, I thought.

"No," he answered. "Your reputation for keeping your appointments is proverbial! Even your enemies must admit that!"

The Guest nodded, and smiled again. Miss Lorna bent towards me.

"What do you think of him?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Very striking sort of man," I answered in a low tone. "But I'm inclined to be a little afraid of him."

"So was I, at first," she said, and I heard the silver laugh again. "But that soon wears off," she went on. "You'll know him better some day!"

"Shall I?"

"Yes. I'm quite sure you will. Oh, I don't pretend that I fell in love with him at first sight! I went through a phase of feeling afraid of him, as almost everyone does. You see, when people first meet him, they cannot possibly know how kind and gentle he can be, though he is so tremendously strong. I've heard him called cruel, and ruthless, and cold—but it's not true! Indeed, it's not! He can be as gentle as a woman, and he's the truest friend in all the world."

I was going to ask her to tell me his name, but just then I saw that she was looking at him, across me, and I sat as far back in my chair as I could, so that they might speak to each other if they wished to. Their eyes met, and there was a longing light in both—I could not help glancing from one to the other—and Miss Lorna's sweet lips moved almost imperceptibly, though no sound came from them. I have seen young lovers make that small sign to one another even across a room, the signal of a kiss given and returned in the heart's thoughts.

If she had been less beautiful and young, if the man she loved had not been so magnificently manly, it would have jarred on me; but it seemed natural that they should love and not be ashamed of it, and I only hoped that no one else at the table had noticed the tenderly quivering little contraction of the young girl's exquisite mouth.

"You remembered," said the man, quietly. "I got your message this morning. Thank you."

"I hope it's not going to be very hard," murmured Miss Lorna, smiling. "Not that it would make any great difference if it were," she added, more thoughtfully.

"It's the easiest thing in life," he said, "and I promise that you shall never regret it."

"I trust you," the young girl answered, simply.

Then she turned away, for she, no doubt, felt the awkwardness of talking to him across me of a secret which she had confided to me without letting him know that she had done so. Instinctively I turned to him, feeling that the moment had come for breaking the ice and making acquaintance, since we were neighbours at table in a friend's house, and I had known Miss Lorna so long. Besides, it is always interesting to talk with a man who is just going to do something very dangerous or dramatic, and who does not guess that you know what he is about

"I suppose you motored here from town, as you said you missed the train," I said. "It's a good road, isn't it?"

"Yes—I literally flew," replied the dark man, with his gentle smile. "I hope you're not superstitious about thirteen at table?"

"Not in the least," I answered. "In the first place, I'm a fatalist about everything that doesn't depend on my own free will. As I have not the slightest intention of doing anything to shorten my life, it will certainly not come to an abrupt end by any auto-suggestion arising from a silly superstition like that about thirteen!"

"Auto-suggestion? That's rather a new light on the old belief."

"And secondly," I continued, "I don't believe in death. There is no such thing."

"Really?" My neighbour seemed greatly surprised. "How do you mean?" he asked. "I don't think I understand you."

"I'm sure *I* don't," put in Miss Lorna, and the silvery laugh followed. She had overheard the conversation, and some of the others were listening, too.

"You don't kill a book by translating it," I said, rather glad to expound my views. "Death is only a translation of life into another language. That's what I mean."

"That's a most interesting point of view," observed the Thirteenth Guest thoughtfully. "I never thought of the matter in that way before, though I've often seen the expression 'translated' in epitaphs. Are you sure that you are not indulging in a little paranomasia?"

"What's that?" inquired the hard-faced lady, with all the contempt which a scholarly word deserves in polite society.

"It means punning," I answered. "No. I am not making a pun. Grave subjects do not lend themselves to low forms of humour. I assure you, I am quite in earnest. Death, in the ordinary sense, is not a real phenomenon at all, so long as there is any life in the universe. It's a name we apply to a change we only partly understand."

"Learned discussions are an awful bore," said the hard-faced lady, very audibly.

"I don't advise you to argue the question too sharply with your neighbour there," laughed the master of house, leaning forward and speaking to me. "He'll get the better of you! He's an expert at what you call 'translating people into another language.'"

If the man beside me was a famous surgeon, as our host, perhaps, meant, it seemed to me that the remark was not in very good taste. He looked more like a soldier.

"Does our friend mean that you are in the Army, and that you are a dangerous person?" I asked of him.

"No," he answered, quietly. "I'm only a King's Messenger, and, in my own opinion, I'm not at all dangerous."

"It must be rather an active life," I said, in order to say something—"constantly coming and going, I suppose?"

"Yes. Constantly."

I felt that Miss Lorna was watching and listening, and I turned to her, only to find that she was again looking beyond me, at my neighbour, though he did not see her. I remember her face very distinctly as it was just then; the recollection is, in fact, the last impression I retained of her matchless beauty, for I never saw her after that evening.

It is something to have seen one of the most beautiful women in the world gazing at the man who was more to her than life and all it held: it is something I cannot forget. But he did not return her

(Continued on page 234)

"The Devil's Disciple" at the Savoy

THE HANGING SCENE IN WHICH NOBODY IS HANGED

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

The Devil's Disciple is one of the most amusing and picturesque of Mr. Shaw's plays. The above scene shows the gallows in preparation for Dick Dudgeon, sentenced to death by the Court-martial. Though Dick is not guilty of the crime (he has been mistaken for the real culprit, the Rev. Anthony Anderson), he has not troubled to defend himself. His impertinence at the trial causes fits of laughter. The end, be it said, is not tragic, so the play can be seen without anguish

(*Continued from page 232*)

look just then, for he had joined in the general conversation, and very soon afterwards he practically absorbed it.

He talked well; more than well—marvellously; but before long, even the lady with the hard face was listening, spellbound with the rest of us, to his stories of nations, and tales of men, brilliant descriptions, anecdotes of heroism and tenderness that were each a perfect coin from the mint of humanity, and dashes of daring wit, and glimpses of a profound insight into the great mystery of the Beyond, and now and then a manly comment on life, that came straight from the heart—never, in all my long experience, did I hear poet, or scholar, or soldier, or ruler of men talk as he did that evening. And as I listened, I was more and more amazed that such a man should be but a simple King's Messenger, as he said he was, earning a poor gentleman's living by carrying his Majesty's despatches from London to the ends of the earth; and I made some sad and sober inward reflections on the vast difference between the gift of talking supremely well and the genius a man must have to accomplish even one little thing in history, in literature, or in art.

"Do you wonder that I love him?" whispered Miss Lorna.

Even in the whisper I heard the glorious pride of the woman who loves altogether, and wholly believes that there is no one like her chosen man.

"No," I answered, "for it is no wonder! I only hope——" I stopped, feeling that it would be foolish and unkind to express the doubt I felt.

"You hope that I may not be disappointed," said Miss Lorna, still almost in a whisper. "That was what you were going to say, I'm sure."

I nodded in spite of myself, and met her eyes; they were full of a wonderful light.

"No one was ever disappointed in him," she murmured, "no living being, neither man, nor woman, nor child. With him I shall have peace and love without end."

"Without end?"

"Yes. For ever and ever!"

After dinner we scattered through the great rooms in the soft evening light of mid June, and by and by I was standing in an open window with the mistress of the house, looking across the garden.

In the distance, Lorna was walking slowly away down the broad avenue with a tall man; and while they were still in sight, though far away, I am sure that I saw his arm steal around her, as if he were drawing her on, and her head bent lovingly to his shoulder; and so they glided away into the twilight and disappeared.

Then at last I turned to my hostess.

"Do you mind telling me the name of that man who came in late and talked so well?" I asked. "You all seemed to know him like an old friend."

She looked at me in profound surprise.

"Do you mean to say that you do not know who he is?" she asked.

"No. I never met him before—a most extraordinary man to be only a King's Messenger."

"He is, indeed, a King's Messenger, my dear friend. His name is '*DEATH*.'"

. . . . .

I dreamed this dream one afternoon last summer, dozing in my chair on deck, under the double awning, when the *Alda* was anchored off Goletta, in sight of Carthage, and the cool north breeze was blowing down the deep gulf of Tunis. I must have been awakened by some slight sound from a boat alongside, for when I opened my eyes my man was standing a little way off, evidently waiting till I should finish my nap. He brought me a telegram which had just come on board, and I opened it rather drowsily, not expecting any particular news.

It was from England, from a very dear friend.

"Lorna died suddenly last night at Church Hadley."

That was all; the dream had been a message.

"With him I shall have peace and love without end."

Thank God! I hear those words in her own voice whenever I think of her.

F. Marion Crawford.

Photo *Zebel*

A Hazardous Proceeding: Shooting the Rapids in a punt at Maidenhead

RACING: THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE. BY CARBINE

Sport and Damp at Sandown

Last week's meeting at Sandown was spoilt by the wet. There are comforts at Sandown which you do not get everywhere, but it is impossible really to enjoy the racing when the rain is miserably pattering down. The smartest performance at the meeting was put in by Quelpart, who won the Great Sapling Plate like a real little champion. Nero might have secured the Temple Handicap instead of Snowflight had only he started quicker. Madame de Soubise simply cantered away with the Coombe Plate, and Cocksure II. showed very fine form in the Hook Plate.

A Direct Tip for Malua

All Black was struck out of the Cambridgeshire on Friday last, and a good deal of disappointment has been caused among those who have followed the colt through his recent very consistent performances. It was generally agreed that he must hold an excellent chance at the weights, and it is rather surprising that Mr. Abe Bailey has not wished to see his colours carried in perhaps the biggest handicap of the season. Why was All Black scratched? Presumably because his trainer knows that there is something better in the race. And that "something" can be none other than Malua. It is not surprising, therefore, that Malua has firmly held his place of favouritism. The scratching of Tirara as well as of All Black is the tip direct for Danny Maher's mount, who has been very well tried.

Some Prominent Runners

In other ways the outlook for the Cambridgeshire has changed very materially since I wrote a week ago. For instance, Lally has disappeared. One regrets to hear that he is coughing, and of Mr. Purefoy's shrewdly managed trio there remains only Silver Heeled. A charming filly this, but at the moment of going to press, we hear that she is scratched, so there will be no chance of seeing her repeat Hackler's Pride's memorable successes. Then we have been confronted with the Manton mystery. Alec Taylor has no fewer than seven candidates, and even the trainer himself must be puzzled to know which is the best of them. There was a trial at Manton on Thursday, which Stickup is reported to have won from Royal Lass and Gold Riach; but trials are not always trustworthy, and it is probable that Taylor will have more than one representative in the race.

A Forecast of the Result

Andover appears to have been genuinely supported, and it would never do to leave him out of the reckoning, for did he not nearly win the Royal Hunt Cup, easily beating Malua, among others? He is a game, consistent performer, who is quite likely, in my opinion, to get a place. Dean Swift has kept at a shortish price, and Land League is also in strong demand. The stable of which Lord Carnarvon is chief patron has three to choose from, and at Sandown I heard that Woolley would probably be the chosen one. Among the lightweights, Lady Hasty is said to be in excellent form just now, yet she has run very disappointingly since finishing third for the Oaks, nor can Sagamore, Romney, and Roseate Dawn be recommended on their latest form. One or two others I have not mentioned in this brief survey of the prospects are said to be "fancied," and it certainly is a most open and interesting race. For the reasons expressed in my opening paragraph, my final selection must be **Malua**, and for a "win and place" investment I believe in ANDOVER.

Dewhurst Plate and Other Races

Next to Wednesday's big handicap the most important race of the week will be the Dewhurst Plate on Thursday. Unfortunately, the field will not be so strong as in some years, but the meeting of Vamose and Ednam should at least be attractive, and other smart youngsters, like Royal Realm and Olympus, may add to the interest of the affair. At Newmarket they think very highly indeed of Ednam, but I question whether, even with an advantage in the weights, he will be good enough to beat **Vamose.** Should the Duke of Westminster's colt prove successful over this very severe course he will certainly be the winter favourite for the Derby, though there is precious little winter betting now. On the same afternoon, **The White Knight,** whose grand effort in the Cesarewitch will be long remembered, ought to defeat such as Bridge of Canny, Torpoint, and Hammerkop in the race for the Jockey Club Cup. **All Black** is being saved for the Free Handicap on Thursday, and should win. The greatest danger to him will probably be Queen's Advocate, and if All Black should be beaten, Mr. Abe Bailey will doubtless be sorry that he did not let him take his chance in the much more important event on the preceding day. My other selections are **Mildew II.** for the Houghton Handicap and **Madame de Soubise** for the Final Plate.

"Amateur" Bookmakers

I see that at Newmarket, as well as at Epsom and the Royal enclosure at Ascot, the Jockey Club have decided to prohibit "amateur bookmakers" from betting within the Club enclosures. The "gentleman" bookies have increased in numbers until the professionals have risen in protest, and I think the majority of Club members will say that it is for the best that bookmaking should be kept in its proper sphere—Tattersall's Ring. The only reason for regret at the passing of the Jockey Club's new ukase is that it will tend to reduce the competition among layers of odds. Fairer prices could often be obtained from the "amateurs" than from the men on the rails, who will once again have matters all their own way at Newmarket and elsewhere now that bookmaking is banished from the Club enclosure. It is certain that the odds are nothing like so liberal as they were in the old days. Perhaps it is because the bookies are finding that the large army of professional backers know too much.

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Hunting and Its Finances

Last week's announcement in THE BYSTANDER, to the effect that the Belvoir Hunt Committee had resolved to go over to the capping system, has aroused some discussion among hunting people and in the sporting papers. It is rightly considered to be an interesting sign of the times when a Hunt with such historic associations as the Belvoir, hitherto quite opposed to taxing its followers, adopts a system which undoubtedly has a mercenary flavour, yet, at the same time, is a necessity in certain subscription countries. Now that the Duke of Rutland's Hounds have fallen into line, the only Hunt in the Shires which remains outside the capping zone is Mr. Fernie's, but I fancy that the Market Harborough pack will have to join the others before long, especially as their meets promise to be more thickly attended than ever this season. It must not be supposed that the capping system is adopted deliberately for the purpose of screwing two sovereigns out of the pocket of an impecunious man every time he hunts. There is always a carefully considered list of exemptions. But what is chiefly desired is that those people who make a practice of hunting, even if only one day a week, absolutely without paying a farthing, should contribute their fair share towards the ever-increasing expenses of the Hunt. The argument is that if a man can afford to keep hunters he can afford to subscribe.

Photo *Carslake Winter-Wood*

A Useful Official

Jim Aggett, who is in his eighty-second year, and lives at Drewston, near Chagford, Dartmoor, is a notable character. For many years he was earth-stopper to the Mid-Devon Foxhounds. He is a widower, and report has it that he is busy "courting," but not his deceased wife's sister!

Increasing the Subscriptions

I think I am right in saying that no Hunt has derived any substantial sum from the actual proceeds of the "cap." What has been achieved is an increase in the subscription list. Hunt secretaries have been glad to find that people who previously got their sport "on the cheap" have, reluctantly enough no doubt, sent along the minimum subscription upon learning of the determination to "cap" them. Obviously, this is to the benefit of sport all

Photo] **A Meet of the Bexhill Harriers at Sidley** *[Graphic Photo Union*

Mr. C. Ward-Jackson is the Master, and the prospects of the season just started are good. One of the few black-and-tan packs in the kingdom. These hounds are famous for their beautiful note, and show excellent sport

A Morning's Work Among the Cubs

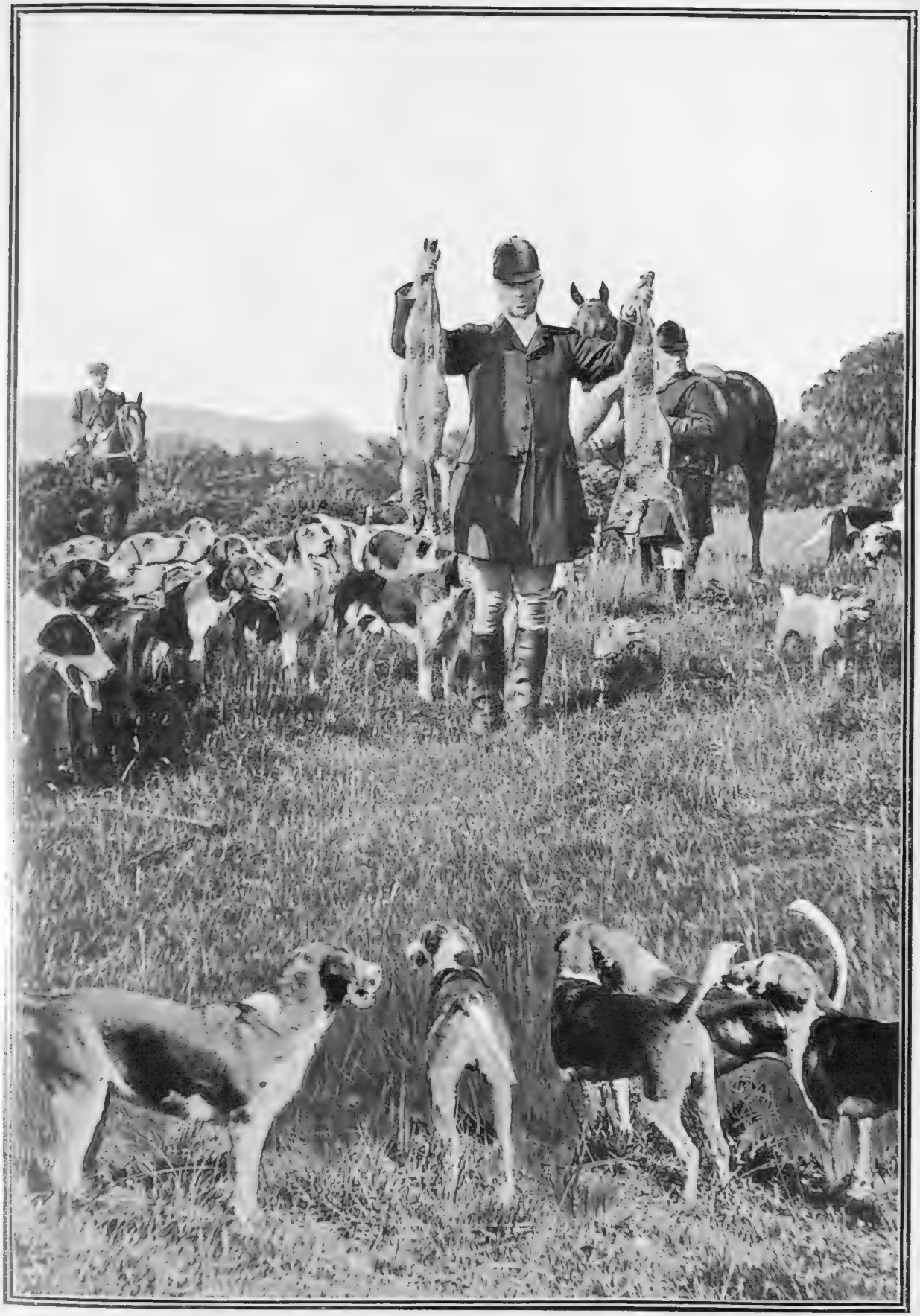


Photo *Hatte*

CUBBING WITH THE TIVERTON HOUNDS

George Potter, the whipper-in of the pack, is seen holding up a brace of fine cubs killed by the pack after a hard morning in covert. W. Hobbs, the huntsman, is in the background

round. A bigger subscription list enables the Hunt Committee to be less dependent on the generosity of their Master. It enables them to make more efficient arrangement for the removal of wire, and also to treat farmers in a more liberal spirit in the vital matter of poultry and damage claims. Might it be added that the subscriber, even in a small way, is a more self-respecting person than the individual who knows all the time that he is getting his fun mainly at other people's expense?

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Past and Present Masters of the Meynell

Mr. Forte, the ex-Master (on the left), and Mr. Gerald Hardy, the present M.F.H. of the famous Hunt

Is Fox-hunting Expensive?

Apart from the cost of hunters, clothes, stable equipment, and quarters — which, after all, are purely personal concerns — fox-hunting is really one of the least expensive of field sports. You can hunt three or four days a week for six months of the year with the finest pack of hounds in the kingdom, and over the finest grass country, at a cost of about ten shillings a day in subscription. Compare that with the price you have to pay for the best shooting or the best fishing, and you will see how reasonable the basis is upon which Hunts fix their minimum subscriptions. While on this interesting, if somewhat sordid, matter of finances, it may be noted that the Bicester Hunt Committee, acting in the interests of landowners and farmers, have found it necessary, in consequence of large fields, occasioned chiefly by members of neighbouring Hunts and their friends, to increase the amount of subscriptions required from members of neighbouring Hunts who visit the Bicester country on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. For this season an amount of at least £25 will be required, which will only entitle a subscriber and one lady to hunt, and does not admit of the introduction of any guests or friends.

Out with the Cottesmore: Single file through a brook

Motor-cars and Hunting

In our recent Hunting Supplement allusion was made to the way in which motor-cars may prove of great value and help to hunting people, and, on the other hand, how they can be a nuisance and danger to the Hunt when not driven with discretion. Of the latter we are reminded by the Bicester Hunt Committee's request to members that "no motor-cars should be used within three miles of any meet." But another announcement reminds us equally forcibly of the value of the car to hunting. I refer to the statement that the Duke of Westminster, the newly elected Master of the Cheshire Hunt and a keen motorist, is placing a car at the disposal of his huntsman, Fred Champion, in order to make his work of hunting hounds six days a week, and getting to distant meets, a little less severe. For some time past the Duke of Beaufort has found the motor-car an invaluable friend to himself and his huntsman in hunting his tremendous country in the West of England, and now the latest innovation at Badminton is a motor hound van. The great utility of this conveyance will at once be appreciated by those who know the vast extent of the Badminton country, some of the meets necessitating a journey of twenty miles or more from the kennels.

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

The Eridge Hunt

Two of Lord Henry Nevill's best hounds and the huntsman, Fred Hills

With the Harriers

Our illustrations include a photograph of the Bexhill Harriers, a pack interesting in several ways, but more particularly from the fact that they are entirely black-and-tan in colour. Their beautiful note, obviously an important consideration in a pack of this colour, has long been famous. Mr. C. Ward-Jackson is their present Master, and the prospects for the season just started are good. Indeed, it may be said that the outlook is favourable all round in the harrier countries. Ere closing, the death last week of Mr. T. C. Garth calls for a note of regret. To hold the leadership of a pack of foxhounds for fifty years without a break is, indeed, a notable achievement, and Mr. Garth has been rightly termed an ideal country gentleman and sportsman.

A. W. C.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

Hockey Results Compared

The leading Southern hockey teams—Staines, Southgate, and Hampstead—are still able to put a nice little round "0" in the "Lost" column of their result tables; but several of their opponents have been pressing them hard, particularly Blackheath. Two Saturdays ago, Staines and Southgate were only a goal to the good against Blackheath and East Sheen respectively, though Hampstead beat Bromley by 4—1. Last Saturday, against Hampstead, Blackheath were again only a goal down (4—5), and Surbiton got three to Southgate's four; but Staines put on two more than Hampstead had done against Bromley, beating them 6—1. The most curious thing about Saturday's results was Oxford's breakdown against F. C. Stock's team, who beat them 6—1, although, only the week before, they had opened their season with a score (9—1) against Surbiton which set everybody thinking. Cambridge, on the other hand, did very well to beat Beckenham (who had beaten Wimbledon 5—2 on the 19th) by 7—0. The way in which the game is going ahead is quite wonderful. It is quite a common thing for a club to run four teams every Saturday, and there are some that can raise as many as six.

The So-called Rugby Revival

It is really rather surprising to find that the daily papers have had time to make the discovery that Rugby football is in a very good way this season. So pleased are they at their own perspicacity that it seems quite likely that the season 1907-8 will, through their instrumentality, be remembered in history as a boom year in the annals of Rugby football. Personally, I regard all the talk about the way in which Rugby football is "reviving" as somewhat exaggerated, for the simple reason that I am one of those who decline to admit that it was in such a fainting condition last year as was generally made out, though it is certainly, as I have said, in a very good way, and going ahead. But, however that may be, the optimistic view is certainly preferable to the other, of which we had such a dose last summer, when one paper after another published statistics in tabular form to show that coddam, knurr-and-spell, and spillikins were about the only games at which Englishmen could really be deemed to be proficient.

'Varsity Vagaries

The 'Varsities have opened their season in a delightfully erratic fashion. Oxford, with about nine-tenths of their Old Blues in residence and any number of potential Blues ready to hand, are almost suffering from an *embarras de richesses*. Cambridge, on the other hand, have more places to fill and fewer likely candidates to choose from. Oxford made a distinctly indifferent start against the London Scottish, whereas Cambridge surprised everybody by the way in which they settled Richmond. And then, a few days later, Cambridge

Photo *Hanftones, Ltd.*

Prince Arthur of Connaught fires the first shot at the New Miniature Rifle Range opened in Southwark last week

The Miniature Rifle League has just inaugurated a range at Lavington Street, Southwark, which was last week opened by Prince Arthur of Connaught. There were also present at the ceremony Sir William Treloar, the Lord Mayor (in the centre) and Mr. C. B. Fry (on the extreme right)

Photo *Muggeridge*

The Opening Match of Both Teams: The Surrey v. Cambridge University Match at Dulwich

This was Cambridge's first match of the season, as well as the first undertaken by the newly formed A.F.A. The 'Varsity, with only two of last year's team playing, did well to make a draw (1—1) against the strong side got together by the county, which included Timmis, Norris, and Curwen among the backs. Their chief source of weakness is at half-back

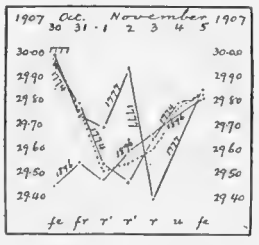
were beaten by Guy's Hospital by a try to nil, while Oxford ran up 36 points to 4 against a rather weak Moseley team. Cambridge were without McLeod in the Guy's match, which, of course, made a difference to the strength of their three-quarter line, and there were three other changes. Oxford also had a slightly different team *v.* Moseley. Of the three-quarters who played against the Scottish, Vassall stood down and Milton went to the wing, making way for Steinthal (a last year's Blue) and Cunningham as centres; while a trial was given, forward, to Cronje, a nephew of the famous Boer General. At the time of writing, last Saturday's 'Varsity matches—Oxford *v.* Old Merchant Taylors and Cambridge *v.* Old Leysians—are still, as far as I am concerned, future events, and, therefore, I cannot say whether they will serve to throw any additional light upon the question of the prospects of the two teams. But the Oxford pack was an undoubtedly clever one last year. The bulk of it is still available, with Roberts (an instance of an International who did not get his Blue) to reinforce it, and if that pack is only strong enough to enable its backs to play a winning game, Oxford will be a fine side. But the backs, and especially the centres, will need to take their passes better than they did in the Scottish match. They are not strong in defence, except at full-back, and when things go a bit wrong Davies will have a lively time. Cambridge, on the other hand, seem to me to be a team, or, at any rate, capable of developing into a team, who can keep their own end up sufficiently well to prevent anything like a big score being run up against them, with, at least, one genius in their ranks—McLeod, to wit—able to seize upon any chance that may be going and make the very most of it. If there is a shade of odds to be laid either way, it should be on Oxford.

THIS WEEK'S WEATHER FORECAST

By Hugh Clements

[Starting with this issue of The Bystander, there is to appear in each number a forecast of the meteorological conditions prevalent for the week, which will give, there is every reason to believe, an absolutely authentic and accurate prediction. This forecast will be prepared and written by Mr. Hugh Clements, whose name is well known to the public as a life-long student of various sciences and arts, the author of two books on agricultural farming and chemistry, and in his capacity as a contributor to the leading agricultural newspapers.—Editor.]

The infinite variety of the tidal conditions controlling the weather is shown by the fact that, during the last 200 years, there has not been a single week in which they have been the same as during the week from October 30 to November 5, which I am about to forecast. The year 1896 shows, occasionally, a striking resemblance to the present week in the tidal position (which occurs every eleven years, and is credited, by ignorant people, to sunspots). But the tidal positions of 1774 (just 133 years ago) came nearest those for the week from October 30 to November 5, because the horizontal parallax of the moon is almost identical. In 1777, just 130 years ago, the movements of declination are practically the same, and only the parallax has to be allowed for. In the accompanying diagram I give the heights of the barometer for 1774, 1777, and 1896, and the dotted curve gives the anticipated heights of the barometer for each day.



This Week's Weather Chart

The dotted line represents the anticipated heights of the barometer from October 30 to November 5, compared with the heights recorded in 1774, 1777, and 1896 respectively

Forecast for the Week Oct. 30 to Nov. 5

Oct. 30 and 31 will be fine, the barometer falling towards evening. A depression will appear, and slight rainfall will occur, on Nov. 1, 2, and 3. The weather will again improve on Nov. 4 and 5

Golf Notes and Notions

The Old Order Changeth

Recking little of the years that have passed since the golden days, when the course was comparatively deserted in October, I proceeded to St. Andrews recently in the delusive hope of enjoying a month's golf on the finest course in creation, unvexed by questions of crowd, of starting numbers, or other difficulties that beset the golfer at St. Andrews in August and September. To my dismay, I found, on the morning of my arrival, Rhadamanthus Greig throned in his starting-box and dealing with an enormous crowd of players, just as though the previous meeting week had stretched itself into a fortnight. Not only was the old course full, but the new one was having almost as busy a time, while even the ugly duckling of the family, the Jubilee Course, could boast its goodly quota of players.

The Feminine Element

But what most impressed itself on my middle-aged mind was the activity of the feminine brigade. In the older days, it was a rare sight to see a lady playing over the men's course during a busy time. Such few ladies as played chose very early hours for their round, or started at odd times when the crowd had been duly despatched. What lady players there were could then be counted on the fingers of one's hands. But nowadays a vast change has occurred. One of the most marked features of this October has been the cohort of playing ladies of all ages who have balloted for numbers and started out on the old course as if to the manner born. Some of them play excessively well; others — well, let us be gallant and say but little about those others. The lady golfer, for good or ill, has arrived, and we have to reckon with that new and increasing factor in the problem of the congestion of the course. Next year, indeed, will see the links given over for a week to the fierce struggles of the Ladies' Championship; and already officials of the Ladies' Golfing Union have been here to arrange with the Club Committee for all the facilities necessary for the hordes of golfing Amazons who will disport themselves here in the late spring or early summer.

The Increase of Ladies' Golf

Ladies' golf, like men's golf, goes on increasing by leaps and bounds. Each year will bring fresh crowds of both sexes to this chosen spot. The Ladies' Championship of next year will familiarise many fresh ladies with the beauties of the old course, and will, doubtless, be the means of spreading a love for golf at St. Andrews among the fair sex. Is it not, therefore, the hour for the Club and the town authorities to take time by the forelock and settle on some clear policy for dealing with the problem of congestion? The difficulty will not get less—each year will make it more formidable. So far, the town authorities seem undecided as to a tariff on the old course, and it may be doubted whether Parliament will ever allow them to make such a daily charge as would check and diminish the evil.

Mr. W. C. Michie
Who tied with Mr. A. H. Read for first place with a score of 163 (81 and 82)

Mr. A. H. Read bunkered before the Fifteenth Green
His score was 163 (82 and 81), thus tying with Mr. Michie

Photos *Dixon*
Mr. S. Mure Fergusson in a Bad Lie
His score was 172 (86 and 86)

STOCK EXCHANGE GOLF AT WALTON HEATH

A New Course Needed

I still hold strongly to the opinion that the crux of the matter is the ladies' putting links. Sweep this away and you have the means of starting the new course on the near side of the burn. Were I the town and Club I should approach Parliament with a plea for disestablishing the ladies' links, and for giving them a proper course of their own. I would either make them a course on the south side of the wall bounding the Elysian fields, or failing ability to get the ground there, I would turn the Jubilee course into a first-rate ladies' course, and would take powers from Parliament to prohibit any lady from playing on either the old or new course without the express permission of the Green Committee. The ladies would thus be confined to their own course, and would immensely relieve the congestion of the men's courses.

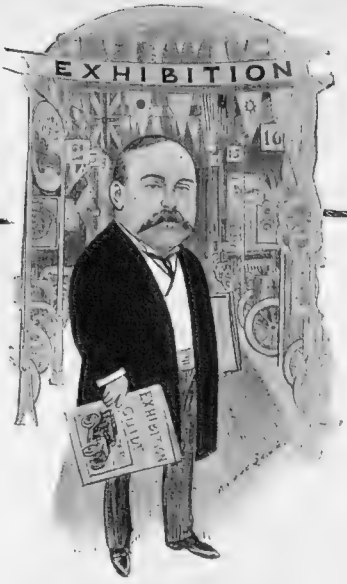
ERNEST LEHMANN.

Stock Exchange Golf

Last Wednesday, the Stock Exchange Golfing Society held their Annual Thirty-six Holes Scratch Competition at Walton Heath, in which many well-known players took part. Despite heavy rain in the morning and wind in the afternoon, some remarkably good scores were made, the winners being Mr. W. C. Michie and Mr. A. H. Read, who each made a score of 163.

Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT



Car-icature—No. L.:
Mr. Charles Cordingley

As proprietor of the *Motor Car Journal* and the *Motor Industrial Review*, as well as the organiser of motor shows at the Agricultural Hall in the early days of the movement, Mr. Charles Cordingley is a man to whom motorists owe much. An unusually keen business man, he is also geniality and good-fellowship personified

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

The Bystander next week will contain an extra Supplement of thirty-two pages in a coloured cover, giving a forecast of the principal features of the Olympia Show. The Supplement will be well illustrated throughout. A second extra supplement will be published the subsequent week, dealing more especially with those features which are held over from the first week. Exhaustive preparations have been made to obtain reliable information of the exhibition, and from what can be judged so far, it seems that the features will be: (1) The growth of the six-cylinder on high-powered cars, every manufacturer of note, with one or two notable exceptions, now laying down this type; (2) the increasing tendency to build four-cylinder engines on the moderate and small-powered car in place of two cylinders; (3) a policy evident on the part of the manufacturer to perfect his models while generally keeping to the same price as heretofore. Those persons waiting for the Show in the fond hope of picking up fine cars at reduced prices will be greatly deceived, for no general reduction has or can take place. Not only has competition reduced profit to a fine point, but the maker has to think of his customers who already possess his cars. Any great cheapening of the price of new models would materially affect the value of those already owned.

* * *

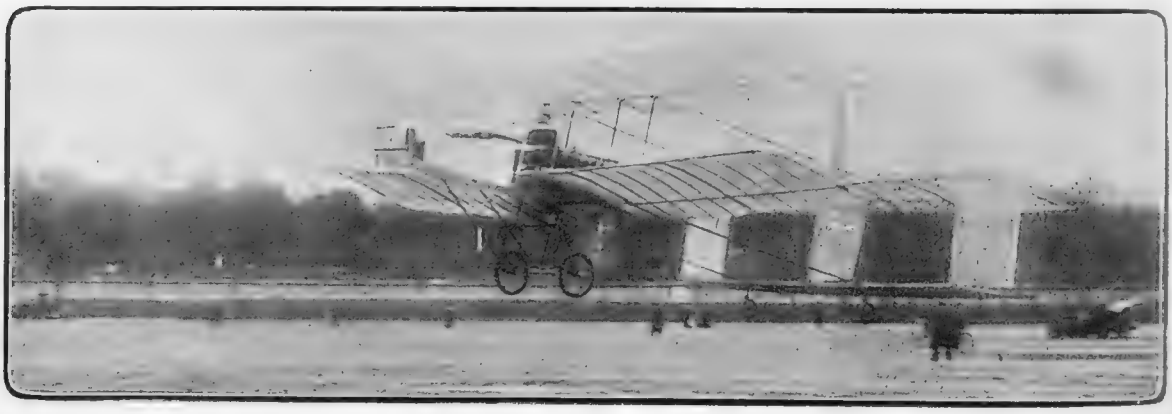
The railways, what with the crisis and various accidents, are much to the fore as a topic just now. Will there be a strike or will there not? Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, the British representatives of Messrs. De Dietrich and Co., make a sporting offer to the distracted railway directors. De Dietrich are not only makers of the well-known cars of that name, but also one of the largest railway rolling-stock makers in France. The offer is, in the event of a strike, to put on the metals a series of motor-cars, fitted with flange wheels, to carry either passengers or merchandise as quickly as the present train, though, of course, in reduced quantities. Mr. W. M. Letts tells me that he believes such a service would avert any real serious crisis, and meantime he is approaching one or two of the leading companies with a view to a test run.

* * *

Mr. Letts's idea is certainly one that may help to solve the difficulty, provided men to drive and sufficient vehicles are forthcoming. As to the last, it appears that De Dietrich have one large factory used exclusively for the manufacture of heavy vehicles. The idea would be to take cars of this nature, fit them with 40 h.-p. engines, add the flanged wheels, whereby would be formed a conveyance capable of carrying twenty passengers at a speed of fifty miles per hour. It is not quite clear if De Dietrich are going to find the men as well, for it must not be overlooked that it is want of men the Companies are threatened with, not want of vehicles. If a strike takes place, a service of motor-cars from each district, utilising some of the thousands of motor-cars for sale or hire, will provide an opening for those on the look-out to make money

6 H.-P. DE DION, genuine throughout, 3 speeds and reverse, £135; 9 H.-P. CADILLAC, two-seated, with hood, £100.—Corry Hurford, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

To buy a Motor-Car go to The Motor Supply Company, Ltd., 111, Piccadilly, London, W. New and second-hand cars of all makes always in stock. Expert advice given without any charge. Tyres, spare parts, accessories, and motor clothing.



The Record Aeroplane Flight: Mr. H. Farman succeeds in flying half a mile

All previous aeroplane records were broken on Sunday last by Mr. Henry Farman on the Issy Drill Ground, near Paris. After making several short flights, including two of 383 and 440 yards, the latter, itself, a record up to that time, he flew, at a height varying from 3 to 15 feet from the ground, a distance of half a mile

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No other piano includes the Pianola or the Metrostyle or the Themodist.

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No other instrument enables you to interpret unfamiliar compositions correctly.

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We might enumerate other advantages possessed only by the Pianola Piano, but a visit to our showrooms to see the Pianola Piano will help more to give you a better understanding of the value of the instrument than pages of advertisements.

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A great number of well-known persons were present last Thursday at Hammersmith Cemetery to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Holmes Kingston, secretary of the Motor Club, who died of septic pneumonia on October 19. Mr. Kingston was only in his fortieth year, and his friends were legion, for he was essentially a man of parts. He was Master of the Savage Club Lodge for this year, and hon. business manager of the Lord Mayor's Crippled Children's Fund Matinée, which took place at His Majesty's Theatre, on June 4, and was such a great success. He was, of course, best known in connection with the Motor Club, of which he was secretary, and to which he was greatly devoted. The membership of the club, whose fine club-house overlooks Coventry Street, has increased by nearly one thousand under his able management. The illness of Mr. Kingston was brought about by a chill, his health having been affected largely through his having overworked himself very considerably of late. He was a fine-looking man, genial, and a general favourite.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

The Late Mr. Holmes Kingston

By the death of its Secretary, the Motor Club loses a most devoted official. Mr. Kingston was an indefatigable worker, and a most popular good fellow

* * *

Miscellanea

The motor-cab business is being taken up strongly in Australia, and we recently recorded the fact that a British firm had been successful in defeating the competition of foreign competitors, and securing the selection of their cabs by the new motor-cab company now being formed in Melbourne, Australia. It now transpires that another large cab company is being formed in Sydney, New South Wales, and that the same British firm—Messrs. Sturmey Motors, Ltd., of Coventry—have been successful in securing the selection of their "Lotis" cabs for this company also, from which it would appear that the motor manufacturers of this country are now more than in a position to hold their own against all comers.

A NEW HOTCHKISS MODEL.—The London and Parisian Motor Company, Ltd., are introducing a new Hotchkiss model, a 16 h.-p. car, and their representative is now touring England in one of these cars with a view to fixing up agencies in the Provinces. Agents wishing to see the new model should notify the London and Parisian Motor Company, of 87, Davies Street, Oxford Street, London, W., who will instruct their representative to pay inquirers a visit, with the car.

"CONTINENTAL" BALLOON MATERIAL.—In view of the recent enthusiasm raised by the performance of various airships, it is interesting to note that the Zeppelin Airship (the largest in the world) recently concluded a trial which lasted nearly eight hours, a speed of over thirty miles per hour being attained. The envelope of the Zeppelin Airship is not constructed of goldbeaters' skin, as in the case of the British vessel "Nulli Secundus," but of a much stronger material, made by the Continental Tyre Co. specially for the purpose (a sample of which has been sent us), and which has undoubtedly proved an important factor in the successes which have so far attended the airship's flight.

ANOTHER ROYAL PATRON.—It is interesting to note that her Majesty Queen Marguerite of Italy, who has been the possessor of several motor-cars of various makes, has just purchased a Wolsit 10 h.-p. autocar. The determination of the manufacturers of the Wolsit to make nothing but the very best is evidently bringing its due reward.

SECOND-HAND CARS FOR THE COLONIES.—There is a greatly increasing demand for cars in the Colonies, the preference being for British-made vehicles. "The Motor House," who do a very extensive business with the Colonies, inform us that the most popular British-made cars are Humbers, Rovers, Siddeley and Talbots, while De Dions and Renaults are the French cars most in demand. At the present time these cars are making very good prices, and "The Motor House" are prepared to buy outright any cars of these makes, provided the same are in good condition. The cars will be immediately shipped to foreign agents.

Arrangements have been made that in future the Pugh fixed wire wheel can be supplied on any six-cylinder Napier car without extra charge, in place of the more customary but far less mechanical wood wheel. I think Mr. Napier may rightly claim to be one of the first to give buyers the option of having a modern wire wheel, instead of the old-fashioned wood one, without making them pay extra for it.

The 12-14 h.-p. Adams's Car, which is being sent out to Abyssinia for the use of the Emperor Menelik

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Woodland in their 45 h.-p. Mors Car

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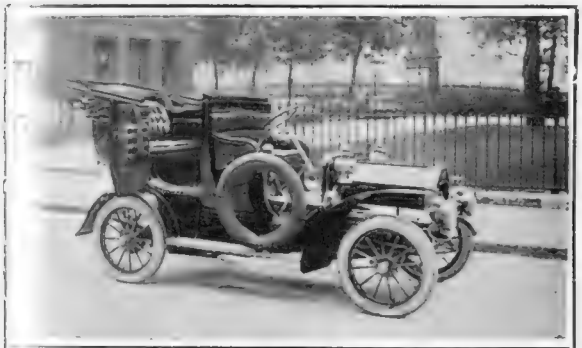

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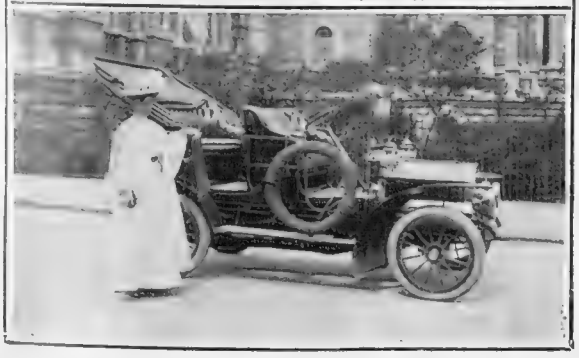

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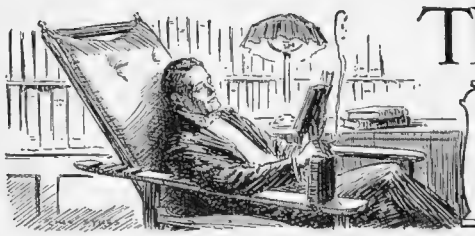

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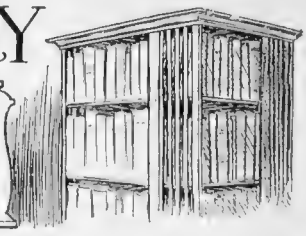

Books of the Week

"The Court of Philip IV." By Martin Hume. (Eveleigh Nash.)
"Arethusa." By Marion Crawford. (Macmillan: 6s.)
"Bunkum." By Frank Richardson. (Nash: 6s.)

Concerning Spain's "Planet King"

An admission of some interest to students of modern history is made by Major Martin Hume, the modern historian, *par excellence*, of Spain, in his preface to *The Court of Philip IV.* (Nash). Admitting that the sympathetic public is the only "noble lord" to whom he looks for patronage, Major Hume has detected a change in the tastes of his lordship. "He wants to know and understand, I am told, more about the human beings who personified the events of history than about the plans of the battles they fought." Hence, in telling us about the condition of Spain in the early seventeenth century, he has thought it the best plan to focus attention on the personality of the monarch regnant—Philip IV. (of the Velasquez portrait). Major Hume's discovery is interesting. If it be really the "personalities" of history who principally appeal to the public, then the novelist would certainly seem to be the historian of the future, for he possesses a licence in personal portrayal that is necessarily denied even to so picturesque a biographer as Major Hume. His present book, however, is almost as fascinating as a novel could be. It abounds in graphic chapters. Particularly attractive are the earlier ones, which deal with the visit of Charles I. (as Prince) to Madrid, intent on marrying the charming Infanta, but frustrated in his intention by Spain's insistence on his embracing the Catholic faith —a proposal which "Dear Dad and Gossip," James I., found it impossible to permit his "Baby" to accept. Then, there are the chapters on the Machiavellian Olivares; on the vicious habits of the Spanish Court and people, with their extraordinary predilection for the theatre and the bull-ring; on the wars with France, the loss of Portugal, etc., etc. Thrilling, too, is the story of the attempted assassination of England's Puritan Ambassador to Madrid. Admitted, however, that the book makes excellent reading for the "noble lord," I am unable to see that Philip exactly "personifies" the events of his period. That somewhat flabby Sovereign seems to play little enough part in such romance as there is. "Weak of will, tender of conscience, sensitive of soul. A rake without conviction, a voluptuary who sought sensuous pleasures from the vicious habit long after they had ceased to be pleasures to him, and yet expiated them with agonies of remorse which made his soul a raging hell. This is the man, Philip the Great, 'The Planet King'—as the flattering poets called him." But surely it is an even less deserved flattery of him for a modern historian to make so invertebrate a creature the centre of a history of a period. If, in short, it had been desired to select any one person to personify the events of the time, would the man not have been Olivares himself?

Major Martin Hume

The celebrated historian. His new work, "The Court of Philip IV. of Spain" is now published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash

A New Romance by Marion Crawford

Mr. Marion Crawford — the author, by the way, of our short story this week — has just given us another "tale of the bazaar" in *Arethusa* (Macmillan: 6s.). Nobody knows his Constantinople better than Mr. Crawford—who shall forget "Paul Patoff"?—and this time he takes us back to the days before that city fell to the Turks; to the days of Andronicus IV., who got the throne by deposing his father, John V., afterwards, however, being himself deposed. The historical part of the story tells of Carlo Zeno's efforts to restore the dethroned John, and the nocturnal forays and adventures on the banks of the Bosphorus, and before the prison-palace of Blachernae, make very exciting reading. But to Arethusa. She is bought as a slave — though, obviously, nothing of the sort— by Zeno, who intends her for a Florentine friend. Awkwardly, however, Arethusa (for A.D. 1376 a somewhat Bernard-Shawish young lady) plays the "Superman," overwhelms Zeno with love for her sweet white self, and helps him, by a little backstairs business, in his plans to release John, in the doing of which she is herself subjected to the initial stages of a peculiarly devilish form of torture by Andronicus, the murderer, by the way, of her own father. It is needless to say more as to the quality of Mr. Crawford's material, which is rich and rare; nor need any eulogy be passed at this time of day on his workmanship, which remains matchless. If I may say so, however, Arethusa and Zeno seem, both of them, to be rather modern for their period. Arethusa might, as I said, be an up-to-date "Shavian" type, while Zeno is so clean and clear-cut, so quiet and reserved and phlegmatic, that he strikes one as anything but a mediæval Venetian with a past. The twain seem, in fact, to have been, with malice aforethought, borrowed from modern London drawing-rooms, and dumped on the

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Bosphorus, without rehearsal or even make-up. A little more local and chronological colour in depicting them and Mr. Crawford might have made *Arethusa* one of his best, and not merely second-best, romances.

A Tussaud of Vulgarians

In a lurid cover of appropriate yellow comes *Bunkum*, by Mr. Frank Richardson (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s*.). I say "appropriate," because yellow is the chosen colour of vulgarity, and vulgarity permeates its pages. I do not, of course, mean to say that Mr. Richardson himself is, as a man or as a writer, vulgar. His dearest club-friend wouldn't call him anything so inept. It is the people who populate his stories who are. Of vulgarians, Mr. Richardson is a veritable Mme. Tussaud. Moving busily about the world, he has lain a hold of types calculated to turn the blood cold. Catching my awed glance, as I walk through the corridors of *Bunkum*, there ogles me the large matron of forty—figure practically not a figure; hair parted in the middle. Pale-faced fellow about thirty. Terrible looking person. Chin elaborately studded with pimple fittings. Man, wall-eyed, like a sheep-dog, black enough to be a blot on any landscape. Man, appearance naturally so vulgar that he did not require to wear whiskers at all. Girl, colour of pink blotting-paper. Jew, sinister, with shiny astrachan coat, huge predatory nose, dull black eyes, double chin. Man, mouldy. Clothes horrible, whiskers suggesting fungi on a tomb. Lop ears. And others, even ghastlier. I cry in vain for the sight of one creature fair and of noble mien; for the sound of one pure English accent. Mr. Richardson has no room for such, not even a corner. "There is," he confesses in one of the stories, "something in intense vulgarity that inspires confidence." The only "nice" person, in fact, is Mr. Richardson himself, who, prancing, as he does, politely to and fro among his freaks, tapping in turn with delicate wand this pimple and that whisker, this scarf-pin, that "gent's fancy vest," and those yellow boots, seems, *sotto voce*, to be eternally reminding you how different from these is he himself.

Photo *Dickinsons*

Mr. F. Marion Crawford

Author of THE BYSTANDER'S short story this week. Incidentally, there is published, at the same time, his latest novel, "Arethusa" (Macmillan), a stirring story of mediæval Constantinople

"The Scoundrel"

To be freezing is the prerogative, on occasion, of every heroine of every story; to be downright frozen—well, that is new at any rate. It is the heroine of Mr. E. J. Oldmeadow's *The Scoundrel* (Grant Richards: 6*s*.) whom we find in this painfully frigid condition. For private reasons of his own, which, in the first instance, seem decidedly scoundrelly, one Canuto, an Italian, has reduced to the glacial state a lady friend of his. Convincing the hero, a kind-hearted young antiquary (fancy a *young* antiquary! daring Mr. Oldmeadow!) that she is cold stone, and not ice, he gets the hero to take charge of her under the impression that she is a valuable piece of sculpture. The hero accepts the charge, for a week or two. On getting it home, however, he discovers the awful truth. The woman melts to him, with a thoroughness that no woman ever before melted to mortal man, and the grave young antiquary finds himself entertaining, unawares, an angel with no more than the mean celestial clothes allowance. He has first to go to the local haberdasher's and purchase—oh, such things! And he has, then, to—— But I have now said enough to convince you that *The Scoundrel* (how he is a "scoundrel" is later on divulged) is a book to be secured. Mr. Oldmeadow is the author of that most delicate of last year's novels, "Susan." The way Mr. Oldmeadow, who is a very clever man, refrains from being clever when he is writing novels, is, perhaps, the chiefest secret of his undoubted success in that field.

About the Sea

Mr. F. G. Aflalo has compiled a cheery prose anthology, entitled *The Call of the Sea* (E. Grant Richards: 4*s*. net). Lots of people have written about the sea. Homer has—and Jack London—Virgil Æschylus, and Hichens; Thucydides, and H. G. Wells, and Ovid and Filson Young. There is, of course, a lot to be said about the sea. Some of Mr. Aflalo's authors have said it. There is, also, a deal that need not have been said. Some of Mr. Aflalo's authors have said it. Now, I wonder which, I say, of the gentlemen above-mentioned have said which? No answers, please, but sixpenny postal orders, by all means, if you like.

"Myths About Monarchs"

Miscellaneous monarchs (ancient) are duly made fun of by Mr. Hansard Watt in *Myths About Monarchs* (Nash: 2*s*. 6*d*.)—a series of verses purporting to educate the youthful mind in the doings of Messrs. Pharaoh, Busiris, Rhamsinitus, Cyrus, etc., etc. Though the theme is hardly a highly original one—attributing to ancient personages entirely modern habits and tastes has long been the delight of comic-opera lyricists—Mr. Watt's verses arouse discreet smiles at intervals. One cannot but suspect, however, that he himself is much more amusing than his poetry.

VIVIAN CARTER

A Reference Book for Reference Books

Very much what the *Review of Reviews* is to other journals is Pitman's "Where to Look" to other books of reference. This handy little book, clad in a somewhat startling cover, which, however, militates against its easy loss, will tell you at a glance which is the best book of reference dealing with almost any subject under the sun, whether it be Statistics of Alabama, U.S.A., or Wages of Deceased Seamen. This volume in no way supersedes any existing reference book, but is an invaluable addition to one's library, as it intimates at once the best source of information, not only on general subjects to be found in the familiar "Whitaker" or "Hazell," but also on little-known matters, as to which the plain man is often at a loss where to turn for reference.

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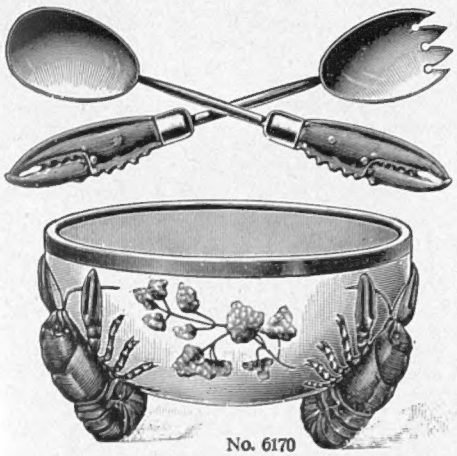

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FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Every day I live brings the truth more home to me that dressing is a supreme art; furthermore, only the very very few have other than a rudimentary knowledge of the niceties of this art. The fact is I am suffering badly from nausea, occasioned by the spectacle of the suffocatingly smart woman. She is so peculiarly rampant just now, with her prodigally plumed hat, extravagantly large feather boa, and generally overdone appearance. And the worst of it is, she crops up in places and environments that should by rights exert modistic influences of a wholly different order. The very worst of these offenders should really know better, and just why they do not is arousing in me this uncomfortably speculative spirit.

Naturally, some sort of solution is to be found in the fact that the large majority are endeavouring to effect startling developments on the cheap. Cheap feather mounts, on cheap felt and block satin hats, combine, with the above-mentioned feathery neck fitments, on the same level of value, to create this effect. Gowns that endeavour to conceal by a superfluity of decoration or something *bizarre* in colouring that their selection has been influenced more by force of circumstances than by anything individual also create a like impression. The whole crux of the dress question to-day, however, is individual inspiration, evolution, and application. And I make so bold as to declare that, until this great truth is grasped, the woman of inartistic, suffocatingly smart aspect will continue to abound.

The Mantle Rage

One has need to travel back to mediæval ages to measure comparison with the beautiful things that at present prevail in wraps of every description. Many of the evening creations are marvels of beauty, the interior having obviously exacted as much attention as the exterior, both painted and kilted chiffon playing leading rôles. A model most beautiful was of old rose chiffon velvet, the fulness drawn to the figure above the waist by heavy curved cordings of satin, while the neck was finished with a little ermine collar hemmed with sable, and there was revealed, when the fronts were thrown back, a *doublure* of Sèvres blue chiffon, arranged in deep-tucked, pleated frills.

It is difficult to differentiate between the designs that are essentially classic, and that fall in full undisturbed folds from the neck, and the teagown of like ilk. There is, in particular, a transparent dress of net, with wide sleeves, that form one with the fulness destined to be worn over any evening dress, the which is immediately transformed into a teagown. Given that this is white or black, preferably black, there are any number of alternative issues that can be brought into play. Then, to go just a step further, imagine this over-dress in Orient satin and satin *charmeuse*. For a month or so it might pose as an evening wrap, passing on in due course, with certain small extraneous alterations, to teagown realms. There seems to me a distinct suggestion in the idea; it is not my own, so I am in a position to praise it with becoming zeal.

Those who are perforce compelled to consider the practicability before aught else, have innumerable diversities of the Burnous wherefrom to make selection, the most serviceable end being met by cloth-lined satin, with a slit either side for the arms to be passed through. These are quite warm, light of weight, and of the simplest imaginable adjustment. At the same time, far and away the most

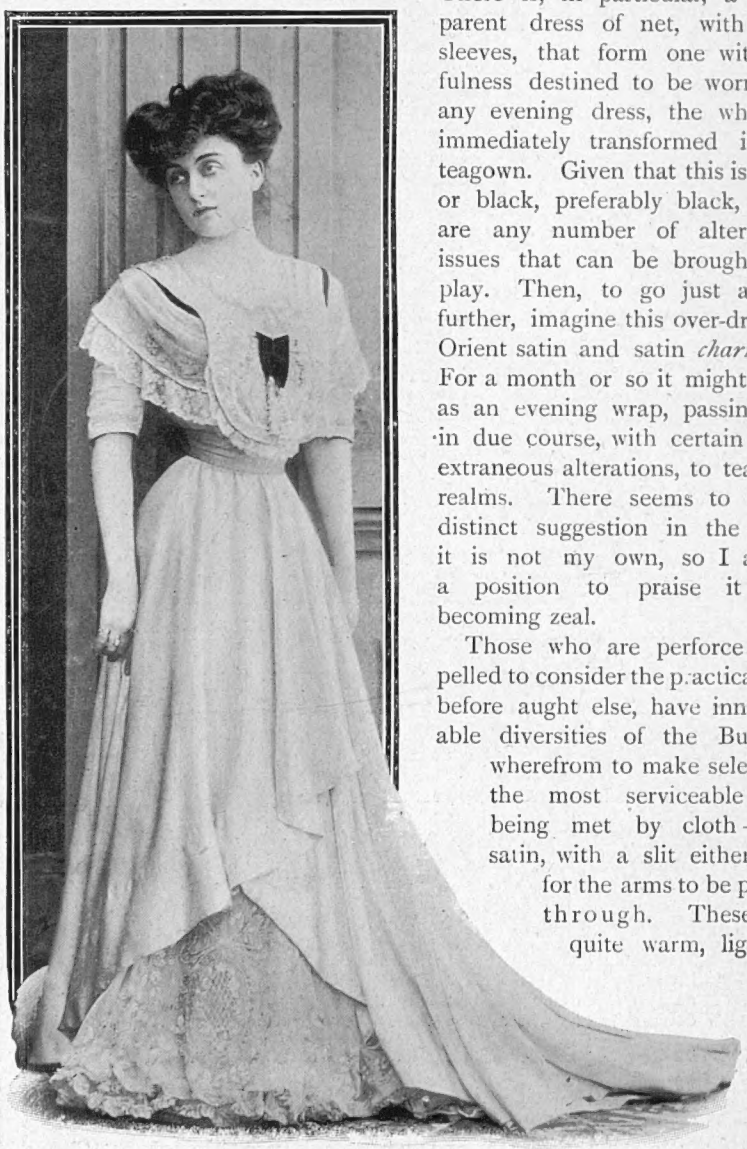

Photo *Reutlinger*

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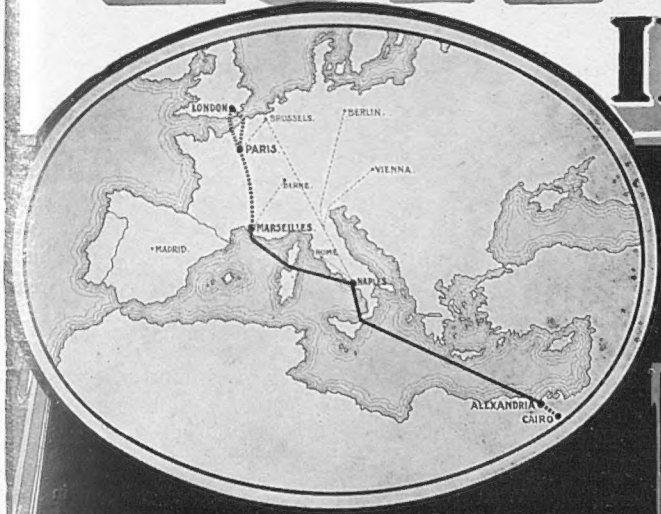

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distinctive Bedouin wrap is of velvet, the silhouette of the draped hood defined by an exceedingly deep *filet* lace that terminates midway either side the front, beneath an avalanche of knotted silk cords.

Brown to Supersede Green for Sporting Purposes

The verdict has gone forth from high quarters that the day of dull greens is ended. All their possibilities have, for the nonce, been exhausted, added to which the dread phase of monotony has set in. So to browns let us turn with all gratitude for something fresh and unusual. A seasonable motor-coat of this *nuance* is built of blanket cloth, with deep-cut armholes and capacious sleeves. It is frequently lined with fur, and also with a detachable leather interior, the latter an accessory that grows yearly in respect and favour. For the sports suit, there is a bracken shade of brown that is eminently pleasing, and contrasts successfully with a greyish-green, the latter either occurring in a large, fine line over-check, or introduced in the form of leather facings, cravat, and cap.

Women with russet hair will find a very plethora of welcome choice in the prevailing range of browns, but the latter are, on the other hand, likely to prove a little unkind to those whose eyes are aggressively grey or blue without any changing or softening lights. Happily, however, such eyes are rare, for their effect is not wholly pleasing. To return, however, to the vogue of brown, there is every good reason to believe that ere another summer puts in an appearance, that colour will have successfully ousted the green, which has this year exclusively monopolised the attention of members of both sexes with sporting proclivities.

An Original Design for a Handsome Tailor-made Hat

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Advent of the Draped Skirt

So determined is the resistance to flounced skirts — several attempts, by the way, having been recently made to bring these into favour—we have perforce to fall back on draped classical effects to break the wearisomeness of the absolutely plain skirt. And it is on such lines our pictured French model from the Maison Doeuillet is arranged.

Fashioned of the fascinating satin *charmeuse* in a delicate *ciel* shade, the drapery is effected in front, and raised over a petticoat of hand-embroidered chiffon, enhanced with applications of lace. The corsage is mainly composed of the embroidered chiffon, relieved by the deftest touches of black velvet. The eye most exacting in simplicities could not possibly find objection to the modest break of line occasioned by this raised drapery, nor yet the opportunity afforded for the display of some transparency in the shape of lace-embroidered and jewelled net.

A Tailor-made Hat That Is Not Dowdy

Our hat illustration on this page is of biscuit-coloured felt, swathed with soft brown leather, that forms a cockade in front, and holds a handsome mount of pheasant tail feathers.

New Sports Hats at Mrs. White's

From time immemorial has Mrs. White, of 63, Jermyn Street, W., held undisputed sway with her sports headgear. Consequently, it was only to be expected that her flight into the realms of motoring should be quite emphatically good. From the familiar motor cap in its every aspect—Mrs. White's predilection running in favour of a three-quarter peak—to the latest development in the shape of a stitched cloth mushroom, a practical end is the main issue. But where the value of the feminine touch comes in is in a certain graceful presentment of these practical persuasions. The stitched cloth hat in question, while sitting with all comfortable precision on the head, is, nevertheless, of most pleasing aspect, besides which it is most sympathetically adorned with guinea-fowl wings, while at the back a silk veil is attached, the ends of which tie in a neat, compact bow beneath the chin. The complete absence of anything fly-away, or incompatible with the pursuit, for which it is ordained, will at once commend it to the consideration of the genuine enthusiast.

A new felt Toreador, just brought out, is an ideal model for the completion of a tailor-made costume. This is worn just a little back on the head, a nattily tied scarf falling over the brim at the left side. And yet another, a mushroom felt, is supremely novel, carried out in two colours, simply relieved by an exceedingly closely pleated *ruche* of ribbon velvet.

Quite of the moment, and yet without departing an iota from the spirit of the house, is a stitched "flexolite" hat, the brim in front caught quite up from the face with a twisted ribbon velvet drapery and wing. This hat, in all colours, represents perfection country wear for various times and seasons. Mrs. White is always pleased to send a selection of her millinery on approval, merely asking the courtesy of a trade reference from customers who are not on her books.

Concerning Havanita

What is Havanita? It is the latest creation in fashionable perfumery just put on the market by the Parfumerie Courvoisier, the well-known makers of that delightful scent, Otto of Violets. Havanita is a delicious odour of extreme refinement distilled from flowers grown in the West Indies. I know of no other scent quite like it. It is exquisite and unique. Havanita may be obtained at prices ranging from 2*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* per bottle.